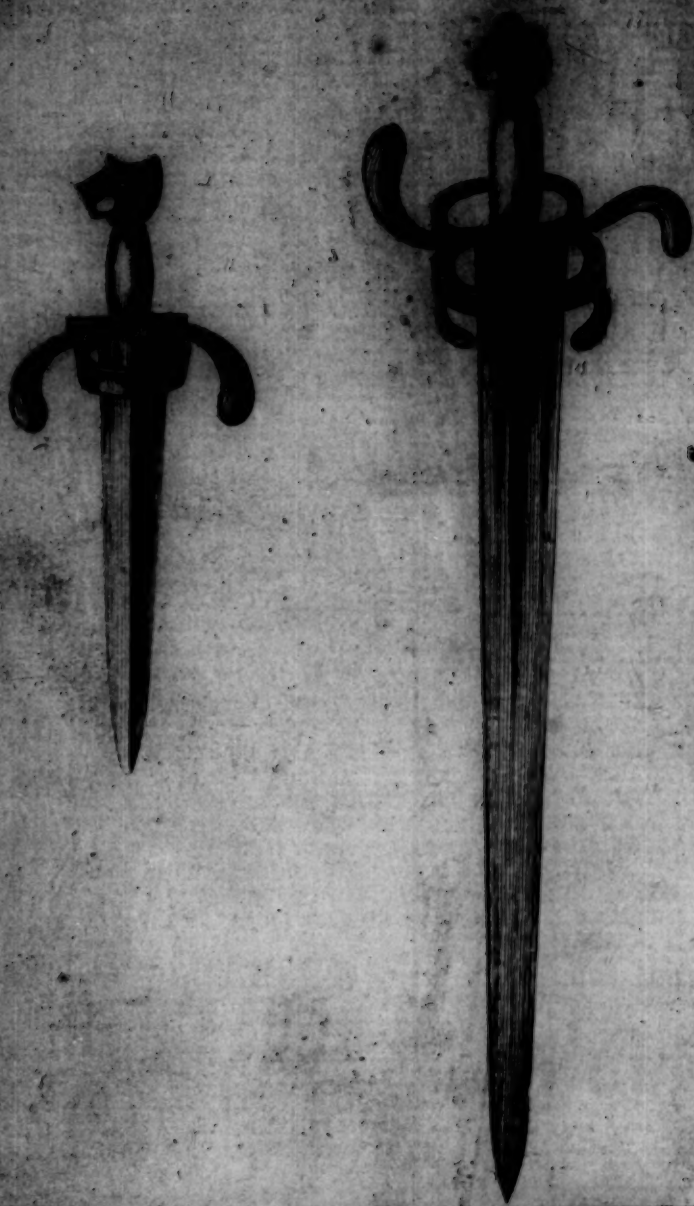
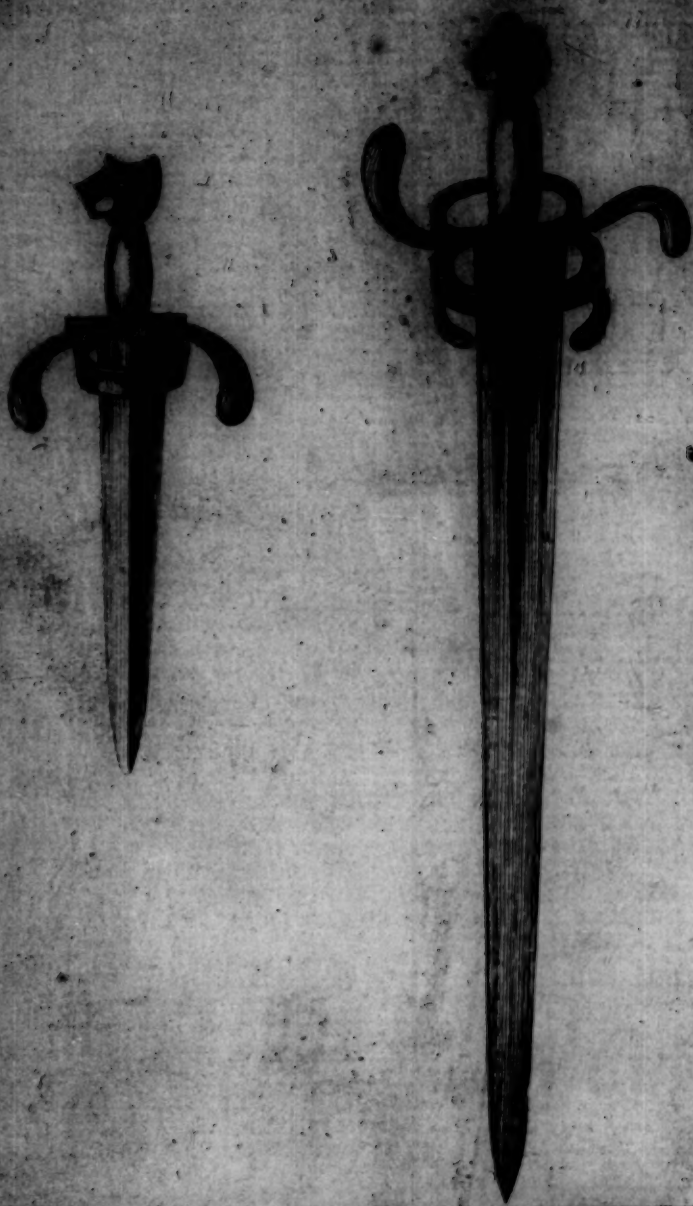


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A N
EXACT AND CIRCUMSTANTIAL
H I S T O R Y
OF THE
BATTLE of FLODDON.

I N V E R S E.

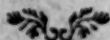
WRITTEN ABOUT THE TIME OF
QUEEN ELIZABETH.

In which are related many particular FACTS not
to be found in the ENGLISH HISTORY.

Published from a curious Manuscript in the Possession of
JOHN ASKEW, of Falshe-burn, in Northumberland, Esq;
with NOTES.

BY ROBERT LAMBE,
VICAR OF NORHAM UPON TWEED.

ΑΚΑΥΤΩΝ Ο ΠΟΛΙΤΗΣ ΠΑΤΗΡ. Lucian derat. conscrib. hist.



BERWICK UPON TWEED:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY R. TAYLOR,
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[Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]

THE FOLLOWING POEM
IS INSCRIBED TO
JOHN ASKEW OF PALINS-BURN,
ESQ.
AS A TESTIMONY OF GRATITUDE
FOR THE FRIENDSHIP WHICH
HE HATH SHOWN TO
THE EDITOR.

NORHAM, JAN. 30.

1773.

A 2

THE FOLLOWING FORM

IS PRESCRIBED TO



JOHN ASH

AS A TESTIMONY OF GRATITUDE

FOR THE FRIENDSHIP WHICH

HE HATH SHOWN TO

THE EDITOR

Norman, Jan. 30.

1773



THE
BATTLE
OF
FLODDON.

PART I. FIT I.

To a pleasant Tune.

I.



OW will I cease for to recite
King Henry's affairs in France
so wide,
And of domestick jars I'll write,
That in his absence did betide.

II.

A fearful field, in verse I'll frame,
 If you'll be pleased to understand,
 O FLODDON-MOUNT! thy wonderous name
 Doth fore affright my trembling hand.

III.

Thou God of war! do me admit
 For to discourse with sounding praise,
 This bloody field, this fearful fight
 Fought in our old forefathers days.

IV.

Pardon, ye poets all, I cry,
 My simple, rude, and rugged rhyme;
 Even though the hill, Parnassus high,
 Presumptuously I press to climb.

V.

For what is he, with haughty style,
 Such deeds of honour could contrive;
 No, not the learned Virgil great,
 If that on earth he was alive.

VI.

That could reveal in volume short
 Great Howard's deeds, who did excell;
 Though lovely print made no report,
 Fame would not fail the same to tell.



VII.

Or thou, O Stanley, wonderous man !
Thou son of Mars, who can proclaim
Thy matchless deeds? Tell me, who can
Paint thy just praise, on wings of fame?

VIII.

Thy doleful day-work still shall be
In Scotland curst with an outcry:
For Hector's match this man was he
Who climbed the mount of Floddon high.

IX.

What banners bravely blazed and born
What standards stout brought he to
ground,
What worthy Lords by him forlorn,
That sorrow in Scotland yet doth sound!

X.

Ye heavenly Powers, your aid I crave;
My slender muse help to awake;
Grant, this work, which in hand I have,
A fine and lucky end may make.

XI.

Before King Henry crost the seas,
And e'er to France he did transfleet,
He thought the Scots might him disease
With constituted captains meet.

XII.

He knew that English Kings they fought,
 And by what might they were controuled;
 Much more he, in their absence thought,
 What damage had been done of old.

XIII.

And lest that they should work some teen,
 As they thought to have done indeed,
 He left his realm unto his Queen,
 To be ruled as there was need.

XIV.

Then for the Earl of Surrey sent
 And Regent of the North him made;
 And bad him, "If the Scots were bent
 "The Northern borders to invade:

XV.

"That he should raise a royal band
 "In Bishoprick, and in Yorkshire;
 "In Westmoreland and Cumberland,
 "In Cheshire and in Lancashire."

XVI.

And if thou need Northumberland,
 Quoth he, there be strong men and stout,
 That will not stick, if need they stand,
 To fight on horseback, or on foot.

O F F L O D D O N. 9

XVII.

There is the valiant Dacres old,
Warden of the West-march is he:
There are the bows of Kendal bold,
Who fierce will fight, and never flee,

XVIII.

There is Sir Edward Stanley stout,
For martial skill clear without mack,
From Latham-house his line came out,
Whose blood will never turn their back,

XIX.

All Lancashire will live and die
With him, so chiefly will Cheshire:
For through his father's force, quoth he,
This kingdom first came to my fire.

XX.

Lord Clifford too, a lusty troop
Will there conduct, a captain wise;
And with the lusty knight, Lord Scroop,
The power of Richmondshire will rise.

XXI.

The wardens all look that you warn,
To hearken what the Scots forecast;
If they the signs of wars discern,
Bid them the beacons fire fast.

XXII.

The Earl then with a sorry heart, [tears,
Had drowned his face with trickling
When from his Prince he did depart,
And from his royal country peers.

XXIII.

And thou, quoth he, Almighty God,
Let him a death most shameful die,
Which is the cause of mine abode,
Bereaved of my king's company.

XXIV.

Some thought to the king of Scots that he
Did wish such sad untimely fate ;
And some, to the Earl of Derby,
With whom he had a great debate.

XXV.

The Earl did then his tenants all
In musters fair, and brave elect ;
And on his way, by journeys small,
To Pomfret-castle did direct.

XXVI.

Then did he send Sir William Bulmer,
And bad him on the borders lie,
With ordnance, and other geer,
Each house of fence to fortify.

O F F L O D D O N. 11

XXVII.

And bad him call the borderers bold,
And hold with him in readiness;
And get him word, with speech he could,
If that the Scots meant his distress.

XXVIII.

Then caused he watch in every street,
And posts to run through downs and dales,
So what was wrought, he knew of it,
From Carlisle to the coast of Wales.

XXIX.

When flying Fame, that monstrous wight,
With hundred wings was nimbly flown,
And in the court, of Scotland light,
And all abroad, was blazed and blown,

XXX.

Of great King Henry's enterprize
And how he forced was into France,
With all his peers in princely wife,
To bring that land to complaisance.

XXXI.

England to over-run with rage,
The Scots then meant, as was their guise,
Still as the king was under age,
Or occupied some otherwise.

12 THE BATTLE

XXXII.

King James's courage did increase,
And of his council craved to know,
If he had better live in peace,
Or fight against his brother-in-law.

XXXIII.

Alas, said he, my heart is fore,
And care constraineth me to weep,
That ever I to England swore,
A league or love a day to keep.

XXXIV.

Had I not entred in that band,
I swear now by this burnished blade,
England and Scotland both one land,
And kingdom one I could have made.

XXXV.

That realm we should soon over-run,
That England, when this age is past,
As to our elders they have done,
Should homage do to us at last.

XXXVI.

Then stood there up a baron stout,
The lusty Lord of Douglas blood,
My Liege, quoth he, have you no doubt,
But mark my words, with mirthful
mood.

XXXVII.

The league is broke, no doubt you need,
 Believe me, Liege, my words are true.
 What was the English admiral's deed,
 When Andrew Barton bold he flew ?

XXXVIII.

Your ships and armour too he took ;
 And since, their King did nothing fear,
 To send his aid, against the Duke
 Of Gelders your own cousin dear.

XXXIX.

Hath not the bastard Heron slain,
 Your Warden with his spiteful spear ?
 The league and peace therefore are vain,
 My Liege, you nothing have to fear.

XL.

Then manful Maxwell answered soon,
 My Liege, the league is broke by right;
 For the English King, ought not to have
 gone,
 Against your Friend, in France to fight.

XLI.

Have you in league not entered late,
 With Lewis chosen, the French king ?
 And now, you see, what great debate
 Betwixt the King and him doth spring.

14 THE BATTLE

XLII.

What greater kindness could you shew,
Unto your friend the King of France,
Than in English blood your blade to im-
brue,

Against their land to lift your lance?

XLIII.

You know what hurt to you was done,
By English kings in times of old;
Your borders burned, and Berwick town
Still by strong hand they from you hold.

XLIV.

Wherefore more time let us not consume,
But fiercely fight that land again:
And then stood up the proud Lord Hume,
Of Scotland, the Chief Chamberlain.

XLV.

My Liege, quoth he, in all your life,
More lucky fate could never fall;
For now that land, with little grief,
Unto your crown you conquer shall.

XLVI.

For England's king, you understand,
To France is past with all his peers;
There is none at home, left in the land,
But joust-head monks, and bursten fryers.

XLVII.

Or ragged rustics, without rules,
 Or priests prating for pudding-shives,
 Or millners madder than their mules,
 Or wanton clerks, waking their wives.

XLVIII.

There is not a lord left in England,
 But all are gone beyond the sea;
 Both knight and baron with his band,
 With ordnance, or artillery.

XLIX.

The King then called to Dallamout,
 Which bodword out of France did bring;
 Quoth he, the nobles names pray note,
 Who are encamped with the English
 King.

L.

That will I do, my Liege, quoth he,
 As many as I have at heart;
 First there is the great Earl of Derby,
 With one that is called Lord Herbert.

LI.

There is an Earl, of ancient race,
 Plumed up in proud and rich array,
 His banner casts a glittering grace,
 A half-moon in a golden ray.

LII.

That is the noble Piercy plain,
 The King did say and gave a stamp,
 There is not such a Lord again,
 No, not in all King Henry's camp.

LIII.

There is a Lord that bold doth bear
 A Talbot brave, a burly tyke,
 Whose Fathers struck France so with fear,
 As made poor wives and children shriek.

LIV.

The King then answered at one word,
 That is the Earl of Shrewsbury;
 There is likewise a lusty Lord,
 Which called is the famed Darcy.

LV.

There's Dudley and brave Delaware,
 And Drury, great Lords all three;
 The Duke of Buckingham is there,
 Lord Cobham and Lord Willoughby.

LVI.

There is the Earl of Essex gay,
 And Stafford stout, Earl of Wiltshire;
 There is the Earl of Kent, Lord Gray,
 With haughty Hastings, hot as fire.

LXVII.

And bid him cease his furious force,
Against my friend, the king of France,
For fear domestick wars prove worse,
When in his kingdom I advance.

LXVIII.

And summon him soon to return,
Lest that our power we ply apace;
With fire and sword, we beat and burn,
His men and land in little space.

LXIX.

Then Lyon made him reverence,
And with his coat of arms him deckt.
He haled up sail, and towards France,
He did his way with speed direct.

FIT II.

LXX.

MEANWHILE the King did letters
write,

Which swiftest post did nimbly bear,
To all his lords which had delight,
With him in England arms to wear.

LXXI.

Then every lord, and knight each where,
And barons bold in musters met;
Each man made haste, to mend his gear,
And some their rusty pikes did whet.

LXXII.

Some made a mell of massy lead,
Which iron all about did bind;
Some made strong helmets for the head,
And some their grisly gisarings grind.

LXXIII.

Some made their battle-axes bright;
Some from their bills did rub the rust;
Some made long pikes and lances light;
Some pikeforks for to join and thrust.

LXXIV.

Some did a spear for weapon wield;
 Some did their lusty geldings try;
 Some all with gold did gild their shield;
 Some did with divers colours dye.

LXXV.

The ploughmen hard their teams could
 take,
 And to hard harness them convert,
 Their shares defensive armour make,
 To save the head, and shield the heart.

LXXVI.

Dame Ceres did unserved remain,
 The fertile fields did lie untilld;
 Outrageous Mars so fore did reign,
 That Scotland was with fury filled.

LXXVII.

The king of Scots was much inflamed
 With joy to see himself obeyed,
 And did command his chamberlain,
 In England all this gang to lead.

LXXVIII.

The Chamberlain Lord Hume in haste,
 March-Warden over cast also,
 Within the English border's breast
 With full eight thousand men did go.

LXXIX.

And enter in Northumberland,
 With banners bravely blazed and born,
 And finding none them to withstand
 They straight destroyed both hay and
 corn.

LXXX.

They spoiled and ravaged all abroad,
 And on each side, in, booties brought,
 The coarser loons got geldings good,
 And droves of kine and cattle caught.

LXXXI.

Most stately halls, and buildings gay,
 With sacrilegious hands they burn;
 And this has always been their way,
 Whenever they could serve their turn.

LXXXII.

But happy Harwood-church on the hill,
 Thou always 'scaped their barbarous rage;
 As thou wert once, so art thou still,
 The wonder of the present age.

LXXXIII.

There Judge Gascoigne, once wisely grave,
 With his fair dame entombed doth lie;
 And there lies Rudimond so brave,
 In armour, by his family.

LXXXIV.

With other noble persons too,
 For valour famed, and piety;
 Their monuments you now may view,
 Most sweet and lovely to the eye.

LXXXV.

But to return, for I have digrest.
 The Scots thus having over-run
 The bordering parts, and filled with prey,
 They thought to Scotland to return.

LXXXVI.

Sir William Bulmer being told
 Of this great road and wild array,
 Did strait forecast, all means he could,
 The Scots in their return to stay.

LXXXVII.

Two hundred men himself did lead,
 To him there came the borderers stout,
 And divers gentlemen with speed,
 Repaired to him with horse and foot.

LXXXVIII.

They were not all a thousand men,
 But knowing where the Scots would
 come,
 The borderers best their coasts did ken,
 And hid them in a field of broom.

LXXXIX.

The Scots came scouring down so fast,
And proudly pricked up with their prey ;
Thinking their perils all were past,
They straggling ran out of their way.

XC.

The English men burst out apace,
And skirmished with the Scots anon ;
There was fierce fighting, face to face,
And many geldings made to groan.

XCI.

There men might see spears fly in spells
And tall men tumbling on the foil,
And many a horse turned up his heels ;
Outrageous Mars kept such a coil.

XCII.

The Scots their strength did long extend ;
And broken ranks did still renew ;
But the English archers, in the end,
With arrows shot : most sore they flew.

XCIII.

The English spears, on the other side
Amongst the Scots did fiercely fling,
And through their ranks did rattling ride,
And chased them through moss, mire,
and ling.

XCIV.

The chamberlain, viewing this chance,
 And seeing his host all put to flight,
 Did with the foremost forth advance:
 But happy in his horse so light.

XCV.

Straightway he flew, when he perceived
 His banner-bearer down was beat:
 The English then their spoil received,
 Besides a store of geldings great.

XCVI.

Six hundred Scots were slain that day,
 And near that number prisoners ta'en,
 But of the English, brave and gay,
 There were no more than sixty slain.

XCVII.

In August month this broil befell,
 Wherein the Scots lost so much blood,
 That mournful when the tale they tell,
 They call it now, The Devil's road.

XCVIII.

Thus while the Scots, both near and far,
 Were through all Scotland occupied,
 In framing weapons, fit for war,
 And mustering men on every side,

6 THE BATTLE

XCIX.

By this time came the herald sent,
Before the town of Terwin high ;
There to King Henry soon he went,
And bowing low upon his knee,

C.

He reverently the King did greet ;
Who took from him his letters large ;
And then, as ordered, what was writ,
In open words he did discharge.

CI.

The letters soon were looked upon,
And in King Henry's sight perused ;
King James's mind he knew full soon,
And found himself more sore abused.

CII.

Who summoned him his siege to raise,
And stay those wars he took in hand ;
Or else with blood he would pave his ways,
And straight invade his native land.

CIII.

King Henry's heart began to rise,
And to the herald he did say,
Thy master thus I did surmise,
Would in our absence partly play,

CIV.

Indeed he doth not now digress
 From his old fires, never brave ;
 But if he do my land distress,
 I hope he welcome hard shall have.

CV.

For in my land I left a lord,
 Who aiding of my royal Queen,
 Will stay your Prince at point of sword ;
 His blade was ever fierce and keen.

CVI.

Let him not deem so destitute
 My land of lords and valiant knights ;
 For if he dare to prosecute,
 He there shall find some warlike wights.

CVII.

Who will shed for me their purple gore,
 And all his streaming standards rent :
 They will send upon him many a shower,
 Of arrows, ere he pass the Trent.

CVIII.

Since perjured he now doth prove,
 And doth so small esteem his oath ;
 Our siege we will not cease to move,
 Be he so never mad or wroth.

CIX.

And here a valiant vow we will make,
At what time as we shall return,
All Scotland we will harrafs and fack,
And never cease to spoil and burn.

CX.

Nor ever peace with him contrive,
Nor ever league nor union make,
While one false Scot is left alive,
And till the land be brought to wrack.

CXI.

Then he to the King of Scots did write
A letter, banishing all fears,
That he, for all his ire and spight,
In France would still proceed his wars.

CXII.

Then gave it to the herald's hand,
Besides, with it, a rich reward;
Who hastened to his native land,
To see how with his King it fared.

CXIII.

And while he waited for the wind,
And for his ships did things ordain,
For all his haste he came behind,
And never saw his Prince again.

CXIV.

King Henry then the Scottish bill
Unto the Earl of Surrey sent,
To Pomfret, where abiding still,
He bid him be for battle bent.

CXV.

The Earl did all things straight provide
The Scotch King's purpose to resist,
Throughout all Scotland far and wide,
And all was done that he did list.

CXVI.

Lord Dacres also did perceive,
The Scots intention manifest;
He knew their meetings, musters brave,
And daily riding, without rest.

CXVII.

The truth whereof he sent straitway,
And told the Earl of Surrey sage;
That time was not for to delay,
But foldiers raise for to engage.

CXVIII.

Which when the Earl did understand,
He letters sent both far and near,
To all the nobles in the land,
That they their forces might prepare.

CXIX.

And tell what numbers they could make;
Of valiant men, all well arrayed;
Then with Sir Philip Tilney spake,
How they their wages might be paid.

CXX.

He, after this, for ordnance sent
Unto Sir Nicholas Appleyard;
Who did accordingly consent,
And towards him apace prepared.

CXXI.

With culverines, and portals great,
And double cannons two or three;
Which he brought on by feed and cart,
To Durham in the North country.

CXXII.

The noble Earl then letters wrote,
Unto each castle, fort, and hold,
That they should furnish them with shot,
And fortify their bulwarks bold.

CXXIII.

Who answered all, with stomachs stout,
And every captain with his train,
That they would keep the Scots quite out,
Until the King returned again.

CXXIV.

Which answer of the captains keen
The noble Earl did much delight ;
But what the Scots this while did mean,
And of King James I mean to write.

CXXV.

After he to his brother-in-law,
Defiance into France had sent,
His nobles all to him did draw,
Well busked, and for battle bent.

CXXVI.

And thus arrayed in armour bright,
They met in Edinborough town ;
There was many a lord and many a knight,
And baron brave, of high renown.

CXXVII.

Of prelates proud, a populous lave,
And abbots boldly there were known.
With Bishop of St. Andrew's brave,
Who was King James's bastard son.

CXXVIII.

Surely it was an unseemly fight,
And quite against our Christian laws,
To see a prelate press to fight,
And that too in a wicked cause.

CXXIX.

Were these the Scots religious rules,
 Who taught the priests such pranks
 perverse,
 To march forth mustered on their mules,
 And foldier-like to sue God Mars?

CXXX.

The messenger of Christ, St. Paul,
 Taught them to shoot at no such mark,
 Peter, and Christ's apostles all,
 Did never lead them in the dark.

CXXXI.

Their Patron so did not them learn,
 St. Andrew, with his shored cross,
 But rather Trimon of Quhytehorn,
 Or, Doffin, demi-god of Ross.

CXXXII.

This Bishop bold, this bastard blest,
 With other bishops in his band,
 And abbots bold, as all the rest,
 For beagle-rods, took bills in hand.

CXXXIII.

And every lord with him did lead,
 A mighty band for battle prest;
 Numbers so great, they did extend
 To a hundred thousand men at least.

CXXXIV.

King James for joy began to smile,
 So great an army to behold ;
 Who for to serve him, thought no toil,
 But blazoned forth his banners bold.

CXXXV.

Each Lord went on then with his band,
 And every captain with his train,
 The music ecchoed through the land,
 And brazen trumpets blowed amain.

CXXXVI.

The drums did beat, with warlike sound,
 And banners bravely waved wide.
 Men scarce could view the fruitful ground,
 For foldiers armed on every side.

CXXXVII.

In midst of ranks, there rode the king,
 On stately steed, which graceful stamp'd ;
 A goodly sight to see him fling,
 And how his foaming bits he champ'd.

CXXXVIII.

Thus did King James most gorgeous ride,
 A pleasure to his noble peers ;
 He had a heart puff'd up with pride,
 And was a prince that banished fears.

CXXXIX.

Alas ! he thought himself too strong
Having so great a multitude :
But Providence, when kings do wrong,
Their mighty power can elude.

CXL.

He thought no king in Christendom,
In field to meet him was of might ;
No, nor an emperor of Rome
Had been of force with him to fight.

CXLI.

Nor Hercules, nor Hannibal,
The Soldan, Sophy, nor the Turk ;
None of the mighty monarchs all ;
Such valiant blood did in him work.

CXLII.

But yet for all his armed host,
His puffed-up pride, and haughty heart,
Full soon abated was his ghost ;
He was brought to London in a cart.

CXLIII.

It was in the midst of harvest-tide,
August the two and twentieth day,
That this great Prince, replete with pride,
To the English borders burst his way.

CXLIV.

Where piles he pulled down apace,
 And stately buildings brought to ground,
 The Scots, like loons, void of all grace,
 Religion's precepts fore did wound.

CXLV.

Fair matrons they did force each where,
 And ravished maidens sweet and mild;
 In flames the houses made appear,
 And murdered many a man and child.

CXLVI.

But how the English did prepare,
 To fight the Scots, with hand and heart,
 Their valour also will appear,
 If you will read the Second Part.

PART II. FIT III.

CXLVII.

IT was the King's exprefs command,
To wafte with cruel fword and flame,
A field of blood he made the land,
Till he to Norham-castle came.

CXLVIII.

Which foon with fieve he did befet,
And trenches digged without delay ;
With bombard-shot, the walls he beat,
And to affault it did effay.

CXLIX.

The Captain great, with courage ftout
His fortrefs fiercely did defend ;
But for a while he lashed out,
Till he his ordnance did fpend.

CL.

His powder he did profufely wafte,
His arrows he haled out every hour ;
So that he wanted at the laft,
And at the laft had none to pour.

CLI.

But yet five days he did defend,
 Though with assaults they him assailed.
 Though all their strength they did extend;
 Yet all their power had not prevailed.

CLII.

Had there not been a traiterous thief,
 Who came King James's face before,
 That in that hold had got relief,
 The space of thirty years and more.

CLIII.

I say, quoth he, King James, my liege,
 Your brave assaults are all in vain,
 Long may you hold a tedious siege,
 Yet all this while can get no gain.

CLIV.

But what reward shall I receive,
 Quoth he, express, and speak anon,
 And I will let you plain perceive,
 How that this castle may be won.

CLV.

If that to pass you bring this can,
 The King did say, where he did stand,
 I shall make you a gentleman,
 And livings give thee in our land.

CLVI.

O king, quoth he, now quit this place,
And down to yonder vallies draw,
The walls then shall you rend and raze,
Your batteries will bring them low.

CLVII.

Which, as he said, so did the King,
And against the walls his ordnance bent;
It was a wretched dismal thing,
To see how soon the walls were rent.

CLVIII.

Which made the Captain fore afraid,
Beholding the walls, how they reeled,
His weapons all then down he laid,
And to King James did humbly yield.

CLIX.

The Scots straightway did pour in,
And plied apace unto their prey :
Look what was worth one point or pin,
You need not bid them take away.

CLX.

So when the Scots the walls had won,
And rifled every nook and place,
The traitor came to the King anon,
But for reward met with disgrace.

CLXI.

The king then asked him by and by,
Where he was born, and in what town?
A Scot I am, he did reply,
This answer gave the treacherous loon.

CLXII.

The King then asked him, meek and mild,
For how long time he lodged there;
Even, quoth he, since but a child,
A good deal more than thirty year.

CLXIII.

Why, quoth the King, hast thou so wrought
Unto thy friends this frantic rage,
Who in this castle thee up brought,
And always gave thee meat and wage?

CLXIV.

But since thy heart is falsified
To them who gave thee meat and fee,
It is a token to be tried,
Thou never canst prove true to me.

CLXV.

Therefore, for this thy traiterous trick,
Thou shalt be tied in a trice;
Hangman, therefore, quoth he, be quick;
The groom shall have no better place.

CLXVI.

What he did say, forthwith was wrought,
The traitor had his just desert,
Although the king himself was naught,
And proved deceitful in the heart.

CLXVII.

By this time came the flying posts,
Which made the Earl to understand
How that the king of Scotland's hosts,
Already entered had the land.

CLXVIII.

Which when the Earl of Surrey knew,
It was but vain to bid him haste:
He sent to all his friends most true,
That they their men should muster fast.

CLXIX.

And shortly sent to every shire,
That on September the first day,
Each gentleman, lord, knight, and squire,
Should to Newcastle take their way.

CLXX.

Then with five hundred soldiers stout,
Himself appearing in renown,
He never stayed to rest his foot,
Until he came to Durham town.

CLXXI.

There he devoutly did hear prayers,
And worshipped God his Maker dear,
Who banished from him cares and fears,
St Cuthbert's banner he did bear.

CLXXII.

Then straight he to Newcastle came,
Of August, on the thirtieth day,
There many a nobleman of fame,
To him repaired without delay.

CLXXIII.

There valiant Dacres him did meet,
And brought with him a noble band,
Of warlike men, right well compleat,
From Westmoreland and Cumberland.

CLXXIV.

Sir Marmaduke Constable stout,
Attended with his lovely sons;
Sir William Bulmer, with his rout,
Lord Clifford, with his clapping guns.

CLXXV.

Then from Newcastle soon he went,
And took his way to Alnwick town.
That weary men, with travel spent,
And weather-beaten, might have room.

CLXXVI.

Then might you see on every side
The ways all filled with men of war,
With shining streamers, waving wide,
And helmets glittering from afar.

CLXXVII.

From Lancashire and Cheshire too,
To Stanley came a noble train,
To Hornby, from whence he withdrew,
And forward set with all his main.

CLXXVIII.

What banners brave before him blazed,
The people mused where he did pass:
Poor husbandmen were much amazed;
And women, wondering, cried, Alas!

CLXXIX.

Young wives did weep with woeful cheer,
To see their friends in harness drest,
Some rent their cloaths, some tore their hair,
Some held their babes upon their breast.

CLXXX.

But who can plain express with pen,
What prayers were said on hallowed stone,
What tears came from religious men,
What sacred service too was done?

CLXXXI.

That Stanley might come safe away,
And victor valiantly return;
The bells did found both night and day,
And holy fires bright did burn.

CLXXXII.

Men with grey beards, drew to their beds,
And fast their prayers poured out:
Old wives for woe did wag their heads,
And faints were fought on naked foot.

CLXXXIII.

But Stanley over Stainmore strait
Did pass; and resting there, did view
A banner brave, born up on high,
Where under went a warlike crew.

CLXXXIV.

What lusty troop is yon I see?
Sir Edward Stanley did enquire.
A yeoman said, It is, I see,
Bryan Tunstall, that bold esquire.

CLXXXV.

For in his banner I behold
A curling cock, as though he would crow;
He brings with him his tenants bold,
A hundred men at least I know.

44 THE BATTLE

CLXXXVI.

Then Stanley said, as there he stood,
Would Christ he would but take our part,
His clean and undefiled blood,
Good speed doth promise at my heart,

CLXXXVII.

Blaze out therefore, I bid you soon,
The Earl of Darby's banner brave;
By chance with us he will be one,
When it in fight he shall perceive.

CLXXXVIII.

But Tunstall took no heed that tide,
Without saluting forth he past;
Upon the valiant Howard's side,
His faithful heart he fixed fast.

CLXXXIX.

And then again, said Stanley brave,
O valiant lads, draw up your heart;
Be not amazed, look not so grave,
Though Tunstall will not take our part.

CXC.

But forward set without delay,
Unto the Howards let us make haste.
Thus they, though wearied, kept their way,
Till they to Alnwick came at last.

CXCI.

Whose coming greatly did rejoice
The Earl and all his company.
None but the eagle bear the voice,
With wrapping wings as he would fly.

CXCII.

There did the army much increase,
Although there were the most extreams;
For rain down rattling never did cease,
Till bubbling brooks burst mighty streams.

CXCIII.

Such blustering winds besides there were,
That day and night the air did found;
Which put the Earl into great fear,
Lest his son the Admiral should be
drowned;

CXCIV.

Who, at his parting, promised plight
Unto his father, if alive,
At Newcastle, with all his might,
For his assistance, to arrive.

CXCV.

Which promise he did fully keep:
Such friendship Neptune did him show,
As to conduct him over the deep,
And his desires just bestow.

44 THE BATTLE

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Such friendship Neptune did him show,
As to conduct him over the deep,
And his desires just bestow.

CXCVI.

Then soldiers soon he set on land,
 And to his father fast he hied;
 Such warlike wights in worthy band,
 Two thousand men in arms well tried,

CXCVII.

With captains most courageous keen,
 At Alnwick they arrived at last:
 Whom, when the Earl's army had seen,
 With sudden fear they were aghast.

CXCVIII.

But seeing their armour black as ink,
 Some said it was some Scottish band;
 And divers did esteem and think,
 They were some force from foreign land.

CXCIX.

Some took their harness, some their horse,
 And forward hasted as to fight,
 But when they saw St. George's cross,
 And English arms born up on hight,

CC.

Some said, it was a jolly crew,
 The king had sent from France that tide.
 The southern men, the truth soon knew,
 And loud Lord Admiral! they cried.

CCI.

Whom, when the Earl of Surrey saw,
He thanked God with heart so mild,
And hands for joy to Heaven did throw,
That his son was saved from waters wild.

CCII.

A merry meeting there was seen,
For first they kist, and then embraced;
For joy the tears fell from their eyne,
All forepast fears were then defaced.

CCIII.

Then caused the Earl each captain count,
Under their wings what soldiers were;
Which done, the number did but mount,
To six and twenty thousand there.

CCIV.

The Earl then called a council soon,
Of prudent lords and captains wise,
And how the battle might be done;
He bid them shew their best devise.

CCV.

Some said too small their number was,
To atchieve so great an enterprize,
Some counselled posts back for to pass,
For aid, and cause the countries rise.

48 THE BATTLE

CCVI.

And from the South, the queen, some said;
A band of foldiers soon would send;
And willed to stay, for while they staid;
Their powers daily might amend.

CCVII.

Some said the Scots straitway would fly,
And powers daily would diminish;
Wherefore to stay was their counsell,
And thus the Earl they did admonish.

CCVIII.

Then did the Admiral start in ire,
And stamping stood with stomach hot:
Why, Sir, said he, unto his fire;
Hath cowardice lent you his coat?

CCIX.

Let never King Henry hear for shame
That you should act this dastard part;
Nor ever blown by trump of fame,
That you did bear a coward's heart.

CCX.

Hath not King Henry left you here
His governour to rule the land;
Not doubting but, without all fear,
The treacherous Scots you would with-
stand.

CCXI.

Think of your father, though his chance
 It was to fall at Bosworth field,
 Though he his life, by Stanley's lance,
 With honourable wounds did yield,

CCXII.

Would God that Edward, brother dear,
 Were here alive this present day:
 No armed foes, could make him fear,
 Nor in a camp, like coward stay.

CCXIII.

What royal fame, what high renown,
 Hath he left to his line and race,
 What ample glory would him crown,
 If life had lasted longer space!

CCXIV.

The seas he did both sweep and scour,
 Not pyrate durst appear in fight,
 Even Pyrate John, for all his power,
 That great renowned Lothian knight.

CCXV.

How oft the royal fleet of France,
 In conflicts fierce by him was grieved?
 If he had scaped that fatal chance,
 He glorious acts might have atchieved.

CCXVI.

No multitudes made him dismayed,
Nor numbers great his stomach swage;
Great shame then would on us be laid,
And to our offspring in each age.

CCXVII.

Your father's fame would soon be lost,
And all his worthy acts no more,
Your honour, flitting like a ghost,
Nor yet your sons could ever restore.

CCXVIII.

If here ye loitering lie like loons,
And do not fight the Scots again :
For do not you hear how English towns
Are burnt, while suckling babes are slain?

CCXIX.

They daily pilfer every place,
And spoil the people all about :
Wherefore let us stay no longer space,
But now step forth with stomachs stout.

F I T IV.

CCXX.

THE Earl of Surrey then replied,
And to his warlike son did say,
No bashfulness doth make me bide,
Nor stomach faint doth make me stay.

CCXXI.

The cause is for no cowardice
So long time here to make delay :
But yet I fear this enterprize
Will prove no childish sport or play.

CCXXII.

Great counsel then must be embraced ;
Then let us careful think upon,
Which way our cards to count and cast,
For great is the business to be done.

CCXXIII.

Too hardy oft good hap doth hazard,
And over-bold oft is not best ;
And that I have proved by my son Edward,
Who ever was too bold of breast.

CCXXIV.

He had been a living man this day,
If he with counfel wife had wrought;
But he was drowned in Bathrumb's bay,
His rashness to this end him brought.

CCXXV.

My father, at King Richard's field,
Under great Stanley's lance lay slain;
And I did there a captive yield;
Our manhood great got us this gain.

CCXXVI.

We might have scaped that scurvy day
If warning could our wits have beat;
A friend of our's, to cause us stay;
Upon my father's gate had set

CCXXVII.

A certain scroll, whose scripture said
Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold,
And underneath in verse was laid,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

CCXXVIII.

My father fighting fierce was slain,
King Richard lost both life and crown,
Some goodly guerdon oft they gain,
Who rashly run to get renown.

CCXXIX.

For see the Duke of York was brought,
At Wakefield to his fatal fall ;
Who might have scaped, if he had wrought
The counsel wise of David Hall.

CCXXX.

I read of conquerors and kings
For lack of counsel cast away :
Now since at hand such danger springs,
Our council we had need to say.

CCXXXI.

It is not I am fright with fear,
Nor for myself such thoughts I take,
But for young babes, and infants dear,
Which fathers fore I fear will lack.

CCXXXII.

Such fortunes fall, through fights doubtless,
Poor widows plenty shall be left ;
And many a servant masterless,
And mothers of their sons bereft.

CCXXXIII.

This is the cause I counsel crave,
The only cause I cast such doubts :
I had rather one English soldier save,
Than for to kill a thousand Scots.

CCXXXIV.

I can no kind of compass cast,
But many a life there must be lost;
And many a tall man death must taste,
The Scots are such a mighty host.

CCXXXV.

The Prince himself is there present,
With all his peers prepared for war;
With barons, knights, and commons bent.
A hundred thousand men they are.

CCXXXVI.

Put case our total English power
Were ready drest and made in meat;
At two meals they would us devour,
The Scottish army is so great.

CCXXXVII.

Therefore let each man's mind be exprest
How that the Scots we may convince,
And how to pass this peril best,
And save the honour of our Prince.

CCXXXVIII.

Then spake Sir Edward Stanley stout,
And fierce on the Earl he fixt his eyne,
What need have we thus for to doubt,
And be afraid of foes unseen?

CCXXXIX.

Shall we by loitering on this manner,
Thus still permit the Scots to rest?
Fye, let them see an English banner,
And view our soldiers seemly drest.

CCXL.

What though our foes be five to one,
For that let not our stomachs fail.
God gives the stroke, when all is done,
If it please him we shall prevail.

CCXLI.

If ancient books we do peruse
Set forth by famous clerks of old,
Which both of Christians, Pagans, Jews,
Do plain describe the battles bold,

CCXLII.

There may we certain see in fight,
Many a mighty prince and king,
With populous armies, put to flight,
And vanquished by a little wing:

CCXLIII.

With hundreds three, Judge Gideon,
The Midian host overcame in fight.
And Jonathan, Saul's valiant son,
The fierce Philistines put to flight.

CCXLIV.

So Judas Maccabeus, the man,
 Of foremost fame among all knights,
 Who can describe what fields he wan,
 With handfuls small of warlike wights ?

CCXLV.

The mighty Macedonian Prince,
 With puissance small and power,
 King Darius host did all convince,
 Who were for one in number four.

CCXLVI.

The great renowned Roman peers,
 Whose glorious praise can never blin;
 The fame, that daily fills men's ears,
 By numbers great did never win.

CCXLVII.

For Titus Livy doth protest,
 The less their power, the more their gain.
 When they were most, they wan the least;
 The greater press, the more were slain.

CCXLVIII.

Example at Cannæ's fierce conflict,
 So many nobles there were slain,
 That bushels three they did collect
 Of rings from dead men's fingers drawn.

CCXLIX.

Where Scipio, with numbers small,
Of warlike wights of lusty blood,
In field to flight put Hannibal,
And burnt with fire Carthage proud,

CCL.

What further need I for to seek,
Of Christian Kings the manful acts;
Since records of the same still speak,
Of Henry, and his famous facts.

CCLI.

All Europe yet afresh doth sound,
Of his high prowess the report:
What standards stout he brought to ground
With numbers small at Agincourt.

CCLII.

All France yet trembleth to hear talk,
By death what nobles took their flight,
Two thousand, besides vulgar folk,
Simplest of whom was squire or knight.

CCLIII.

He never stint from war and strife,
Till the heir of France he was proclaimed;
If fate had lent him longer life, [framed.
With English laws all France he had

CCLIV.

Of Bedford ton, his brother John,
 The Dauphin beat with a small band;
 Lord Talbot, with his name alone,
 To tremble forced all the French land.

CCLV.

The Earl of Richmond, with small power,
 Of England, wan both realm and crown,
 At Bosworth, where the bragging Boar,
 And all his host were overthrown.

CCLVI.

So though the Scottish host be great,
 Let us not stint, but them withstand;
 In battle bold we shall them beat,
 For God will help us with his hand.

CCLVII.

But if in fighting we are slain,
 And in the battle brought to ground,
 Perpetual praise we then shall gain,
 Men will our fame for ages found.

CCLVIII.

The memory of our great manhood,
 Amongst English men will ever last;
 And then, for vengeance of our blood,
 King Henry home from France will haste.

CCLIX.

Our kinsfolks and our cousins free,
Will wreak our deaths with doleful dint;
Till time that they revenged be,
From sturdy strokes they will not stint.

CCLX.

Our ghosts shall go to God on high,
Though bodies vile to death be dight;
In better case we cannot die,
Than fighting for our country's right.

CCLXI.

Put case the lot light contrary,
As firm by faith is fixed it shall,
And that to gain the victory,
Good fortune on our side shall fall.

CCLXII.

And then to give our foes the foil,
What worthy praises shall we win?
What mighty prey, what plenteous spoil,
What prisoners of princely kin.

CCLXIII.

The Prince is there himself, King James,
With prelates passing rich in pride;
Fifty great Lords there are of name,
With barons, knights, and squires beside.

CCLXIV.

Their tents, if standing they be found,
When fight is done, I do not fear,
But for their entering English ground,
The charges shall pay us full dear.

CCLXV.

Such fate shall fall to them I trust
As to their elders has before,
Who dared into our borders burst,
When they were beat in battle fore,

CCLXVI.

Their mighty Mars, King Malcomy,
Did valiantly this land invade;
At Tinmouth he was forced to fly,
And slain was by an English blade.

CCLXVII.

King David unto Durham came,
Who with the Scots in pitched field,
For all their pride yet left the game,
King David there did captive yield.

CCLXVIII.

What shall I further mention make
Of Henry the Fourth, how in his days,
The Earl of Murray and Lord Murdake,
Angus and Douglass pricked with praise,

CCLXIX.

Did enter in Northumberland
And murdered without mercy.
Were they not beat by a small band,
In battle by Sir Henry Piercy?

CCLXX.

The story faith, who list may look,
Ten thousand Scots in field were slain,
And through the valiant Piercy's stroke,
All the Earl's captives did remain.

CCLXXI.

Such luck I trust to our foes will light,
And all that wars do raise in wrong;
Wherefore against them let us fight,
It is shame we loiter here so long.

CCLXXII.

If any seem abased to be,
That we in battle shall be beat,
Cheshire and Lancashire with me,
Shall give the Scots the first onset.

CCLXXIII.

When this was said, then Stanley stout
All silent down did sit in place;
The eyes of all the Lords about,
Were fixed upon his valiant face.

CCLXXIV.

His wisdom great all wondered at,
 All did his manful proffer praise;
 All they that would have lingered late,
 Their courage keen did now upraise.

CCLXXV.

Now they that lately would have staid,
 With foremost cryed, Forth to the field;
 With one voice all the Earl they prayed,
 That Stanley might the vanguard wield.

CCLXXVI.

But on that side the Earl of Surrey
 Was deaf, for why, he could not hear;
 For being moved with Stanley's glory,
 His rancour old then did appear.

CCLXXVII.

Quoth he, The king's place I supply,
 At pleasure mine each thing shall bide.
 Then on each captain he did cry,
 In presence to appear that tide.

CCLXXVIII.

That done, straitway he did ordain
 His battle brief on this same fort,
 Whose order and array right plain,
 With pen I truly shall report.

CCLXXIX.

When Stanley did with stomach stout
Valiantly the vanguard crave,
The Earl of Surrey fore did doubt,
That too much honour he should have,

CCLXXX.

If fortune good fell on his part,
And valiant victor he did return,
Gainst Stanley's blood such hateful heart
In the Earl's blood did boiling burn.

CCLXXXI.

Wherefore in forward, first of all
Chief captain constituted he
His loving son Lord Admiral,
With soldiers such as came from sea,

CCLXXXII.

Whom valiant Lords accompanied,
With barons bold, and hardy knights;
Lord Ogle one of courage tried,
Who led a band of warlike wights.

CCLXXXIII.

In order, next to the Admiral,
The lusty knight, Lord Clifford, went,
Who was concealed in shepherd's coat,
Till twice twelve years were gone and
spent.

CCLXXXIV.

For when his father at Wakefield,
The Duke of York and his son had slain;
He by a friend was thus concealed,
Till Richmond's Earl began his reign.

CCLXXXV.

And him restored to all his right
Seating him in his father's land;
Or else to death he had been dight,
While the house of York had the up-
hand.

CCLXXXVI.

Now like a captain bold he brought
A band of lusty lads elect,
Whose curious coats, most cunning wrought,
With dreadful dragons were bedeckt.

CCLXXXVII.

From Pennigent to Pendlehill,
From Linton to Long Addingham,
And they that Craven coasts did till,
All with the lofty Clifford came.

CCLXXXVIII.

All Staincliff hundred went with him,
With striplings strong from Worledale;
And all that Haughton hills did climb,
With Langstroth too, and Littondale.

CCLXXXIX.

Whose milk-fed fellows, fleshly bred
 Were fit the strongest bows to bend ;
 All such as Horton-fells had fed,
 On Clifford's banner did attend.

CCXC.

Lord Lumley next, and Latimer
 Were equal matched with all their power
 With whom was next their neighbour near
 Lord Conyers stout, and stiff in flour.

CCXCI.

With many a gentleman and squire,
 From Rippon, Ripley, and Rydale,
 With them marched forth all Massamshire,
 With Nosterfield and Netherdale.

CCXCII.

With Tillmen tough, in harness store,
 Who turned the furrows of Mittan-field,
 With Billmen bold from Blackamooore,
 Most warlike wights, these Lords did
 wield.

CCXCIII.

Next them was placed, with all his power,
 Lord Scroope of Upfall, aged knight,
 Sir Stephen Bull, with all his power,
 Was matched next him with all his might.

CCXCIV.

Sir Walter Griffith, sage and grave
 Was with Sir Henry Sherbourn bent,
 And under Bulmer's banner brave,
 The whole bishoprick of Durham went.

CCXCV.

The Third Part it will more unfold
 The glorious train of heroes bright,
 Such as may please the sage and old,
 And yield to children sweet delight.

PART III. FIT V.

CCXCVI.

SIR Christopher Ward the next ensued,
 With him Sir Edward Echingham;
 Next were Sir Nicholas Appleyard,
 Sir Mettham, Sidney, Everingham.

CCXCVII.

All in the foremost battle bold,
 These knights who in the vanguard were
 Seven thousand men numbered and told,
 Simplest of whom bore bow or spear.

CCXCVIII.

Then the Earl, Sir Edmund Howard,
 Did call, and Marshall soon him made;
 My son, said he, now soon set forward,
 With valiant hearts the Scots invade.

CCXCIX.

Chief captain of the right-hand wing,
 To brother thine I thee ordain;
 Now surely see thou serve the King,
 And for his sake never think it pain.

CCC.

Of southern soldiers hundreds two,
 Under thy wing shall go with thee;
 A thousand thanks Sir Edmund to,
 His father dear did render free.

CCCI.

With him was matched an equal mate,
 Bryan Tunstall, that trusty squire;
 Whose stomach stout nought could abate,
 Nor ought could sway his bold desire.

CCCII.

The glory of his grandfire old,
 The famous acts too of his fire;
 His blood, unspotted, made him bold,
 And stirred his stomach hot as fire.

CCCIII.

For when debate did first begin,
 And rancour raised most rueful work,
 And ruffling ruled this realm within,
 'Twixt Lancaster and the house of York.

CCCIV.

During which hurly-burly strife,
 Were murdered many a mother's child.
 Many a Lord bereaved of life,
 And noble house with blood defiled.

CCCV.

But this man's father, void of fear
While in this realm such ruffling was,
To Henry the Sixth did still adhere,
And for no pains did from him pass.

CCCVI.

For he to York would never yield
For all the struggling stir and strife,
Nine times he fiercely fought in field,
So oft in danger was his life.

CCCVII.

And when the king was captive caught,
And the Earl of Warwick overthrown,
To save his life best means he fought,
And was in bark to Bretagne blown.

CCCVIII.

With Earl of Richmond he remained,
And Lords of the Lancastrian kin;
When then the Earl the crown had gained,
And England's empire fair did win.

CCCIX.

He rendered Tunstall all his right,
Knowing his valiant blood unstained,
The King he caused this trusty knight,
Undeiled Tunstall to be named.

70 THE BATTLE

CCCX.

Most fierce he fought at Thalian field,
Where Martin Swart on ground lay slain.
When rage did reign, he never reeled,
But like a rock did still remain.

CCCXI.

Now came this man amongst the rest,
To match his father in manhood,
For battle ready bent and prest,
With him a band of lusty blood.

CCCXII.

Next went Sir Bold, and Butler brave,
Two valiant knights of Lancashire,
Then Bruerton bold, and Bygod grave,
With Warcop wild, a worthy squire.

CCCXIII.

Next Richard Chomley and Chifton stout,
With men of Hatfield, and of Hull,
Laurence of Dun, with all his rout,
The people freest with them did pull.

CCCXIV.

John Clarvis then was 'nexed near,
With Stapleton of stomach stern;
Next whom Fitz-Williams forth did fare,
Who martial feats was not to learn.

CCCXV.

These captains keen, with all their might,
 In right-hand wing did warlike wend :
 All these on Edmond Howard, knight,
 The Earl ordained to attend.

CCCXVI.

Then next the left-hand wing did wield
 Sir Marmaduke Constable old,
 With him a troop well tried in field,
 And eke his sons and kinsfolk bold.

CCCXVII.

Next him Sir William Percy stood,
 Who went with the Earl Piercy's power,
 From Lancashire of lusty blood,
 A thousand soldiers stiff in flour.

CCCXVIII.

Then the Earl himself did undertake
 Of the rearward the regiment ;
 Whom barons bold did bravely back,
 And southern soldiers seemly bent.

CCCXIX.

Next whom in place was 'nexed near
 Lord Scroop of Bolton stern and stout,
 On horseback, who had not his peer,
 No English man, Scots more did doubt.

CCCXX.

With him did wend all Wensfledale
From Morton unto Morfsdale-moor :
All they that dwelt by the banks of Swale,
With him were bent in harness-store.

CCCXXI.

From Wensfdale warlike wights did wend,
From Bifhopfsdale went bowmen bold ;
From Coverdale to Cotter End,
And all to Kidfon Caufeway cold.

CCCXXII.

From Mollerftang and Middleham
And all from Mask and Middletonby,
And all that climb the mountain Cam,
Whofe crown from froft is feldom free.

CCCXXIII.

With lufty lads and large of length,
Which dwelt on Seimer water-fide ;
All Richmondsfhire its total ftrengh,
The valiant Scroope did lead and guide.

CCCXXIV.

Next went Sir Philip Tilney tall,
With him Sir Thomas Barclay brave ;
Sir John Ratcliff in arms royal,
With Sir William Gafcoyne grave.

CCCXXV.

Next whom did pass, with all his rout,
 Sir Christopher Pickering proud;
 Sir Bryan Stapleton, most stout,
 Two valiant knights of noble blood.

CCCXXVI.

Next with Sir John Stanley there came
 The Bishop of Ely's servant bold;
 Sir Lionel Piercy, knight of fame,
 Did lead some hundred men well told.

CCCXXVII.

Next went Sir Ninian Markanville,
 In armour-coat of cunning work;
 The next went Sir John Normanville,
 With him the citizens of York.

CCCXXVIII.

Sir George Darcy in banner bright,
 Did bear a bloody broken spear;
 Next went Sir Magnus with his might,
 And Clapham bold of lusty chear.

CCCXXIX.

Sir Guy Dawney, with glorious rout,
 Then Mr. Dalby's servants bold;
 Then Richard Tempest, with his rout.
 In rereward thus array did hold.

CCCXXX.

The right-hand wing, with all his rout,
 The lusty Lord Dacres did lead;
 With him the bows of Kendal stout,
 With milk-white coats and crosses red.

CCCXXI.

All Kefwick eke, and Cockermouth,
 And all the Capeland craggy hills;
 All Westmoreland, both north and south,
 Whose weapons were great weighty bills.

CCCXXXII.

All Carlisle eke and Cumberland,
 With the Lord Dacres proud did pass,
 From Branton and from Broughly sands,
 From Grayston and from Ravenglass.

CCCXXXIII.

With striplings stout from Stainmoor side,
 And Austen-moor, men marched even;
 And those that Giffland grave did hide,
 With horsemen light from Heshan-Leven.

CCCXXXIV.

All these did go in Dacres' band,
 All these ensued his banner broad;
 No hufrier Lord was in this land,
 Nor more might boast of birth and blood.

CCCXXXV.

Many strong horses, huge of height,
Were all his own to give or sell,
A baron fair by his birthright,
And heritage, which to him fell.

CCCXXXVI.

These royal Lords thus ray did hold,
With ranges, ranks, and warlike wings,
But yet the man is left untold,
From whom true valour fairly springs.

CCCXXXVII.

Whose worthy praise and prowess great,
Whose glorious fame shall never blin;
Nor Neptune ever shall forget,
What praise he hath left to his king.

CCCXXXVIII.

Sir Edward Stanley, stiff in stout,
He is the man on whom I mean;
With him did pass a mighty power
Of soldiers seemly to be seen.

CCCXXXIX.

Most lively lads in Lonsdale bred,
With weapons of unwieldy weight;
All such as Tatham Fells had fed,
Went under Stanley's streamer bright.

CCCXL.

From Bolland bill-men bold came on,
With such as Botton banks did hide ;
From Wharmore up to Whittington,
And all to Wenning water-side.

CCCXLI.

From Silverdale and Kent Sand-side,
Where soil is sown with cockle-shells ;
From Cartmel eke and Conney-side,
And fellows fierce from Furney's fells.

CCCXLII.

All Lancashire, for the most part,
The lusty Stanley stout did lead,
A stock of striplings strong of heart,
Brought up from babes with beef and
bread.

CCCXLIII.

From Warton unto Warrington,
From Wiggan unto Wirefdale,
From Wedicar to Waddington,
From Ribchester unto Ratchdale.

CCCXLIV.

From Poulton and Preston, with pikes,
They with the valiant Stanley went,
From Pemerton and Pilling-dikes,
For battle bill-men bold were bent.

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CCCXLV.

With fellows fresh, and fierce in fight,
Which Horton-fields did turn in furs,
With lusty lads hearty and light,
From Blackburn and Bolton in the
moors.

CCCXLVI.

With youth elected from Cheshire,
In armour bright for battle drest;
And many a gentleman and squire,
Were under Stanley's streamer prest.

CCCXLVII.

Thus Stanley stout, the last of all
Of the reward, the rule did wield;
Which done to Bolton in Glendale,
The total army took the field.

CCCXLVIII.

Where all the counsel did consent,
That Rouge Croix to the Scottish King
With strict instructions should be sent,
To know for why these wars did spring.

THE BATTLE

CCCXLV.

With fellows fell, and force in fight,
Which Hefon held in fight,
Which lady had beauty and light,
From Blackburn and Bolton in the

CCCXLIX.

WHEREAS the castle too of Ford
He threatened had to overthrow;
Rouge Croix was charged word for word,
The Earl's intent to let him know.

CCCL.

That if the king would so agree,
To suffer that said fort to stand,
And William Hefon send home free,
Who there was captive in Scotland;

CCCLI.

If thus the king would condescend,
The Earl promised to restore,
And to the King immediate send,
Of Scotsmen taken captives four.

CCCLII.

Lord Johnston and Sir Sandy Hume,
Richard Hume and William Carr:
But if King James would yet presume
In wrongful sort to raise up war;

CCCLIII.

Against King Henry his brother-in-law,
And commons cruelly would kill,
And piles and forts would fierce down draw,
And English blood proceed to spill.

CCCLIV.

The Earl charged the herald strait,
To certify the said Scots king,
That he in field with him would fight,
On Friday then next following.

CCCLV.

And then ere Rouge Croix forth did fare,
The Admiral took him aside,
And bade him to the king declare,
His coming and access that tide.

CCCLVI.

That he from sea descended was
With all his total power and might,
And that in forward with his Grace,
He would prepare himself to fight.

CCCLVII.

And when the Scots for him did call
In days of March to make redress,
For Andrew Barton their Admiral,
Whom he with bloody blade did bless.

180 THE BATTLE

CCCLVIII.

Now he was come in person prest
The said Sir Andrew's death to vouch;
And if it in his power doth rest,
Quoth he, I shall serve him with such.

CCCLIX.

For there no Scot shall 'scape unflain,
The King in person sole except;
For so of Scots, quoth he again,
No other mercy I expect,

CCCLX.

And yet ere Rouge Croix went his way
The Earl and counsel did expect,
That the Scots King, without delay,
An herald would again direct,

CCCLXI.

Rouge Croix was yet commanded there
No Scotchman near the field to bring,
Lest he their conduct might declare,
And thereby dangers great might spring.

CCCLXII.

Then Rouge Croix ready took his horse,
Bedeckt with coat of arms most brave,
With him did go a trumpet hoarse,
That Scots their coming might perceive.

CCCLXIII.

Their geldings were both good and light,
From galloping they seldom staid,
Till at the length they viewed in fight,
Whereas their enemies army laid.

CCCLXIV.

The Scottish watch soon them descried,
And them conveyed before the king,
Where he with barons bold did bide,
Whom Rouge Croix, on the ground
kneeling,

CCCLXV.

With salutations did greet.
He after, his instructions straight,
Each one exprest, in order meet,
And letters livered in their fight.

CCCLXVI.

Whom, when the King of Scots had heard,
And also read his letters large,
Even frantic-like he fuming fared,
And bombard-like did boasts discharge.

CCCLXVII.

If true, quoth he, let it be exprest,
Thou herald sent anon recite :
And was your Earl so bold of breast,
Thus proudly to a prince to write?

CCCLXVIII.

But since he seems to be so rough,
I swear by sceptre and by crown,
He shall have fighting fill enough,
On Friday, before sun go down.

CCCLXIX.

For here to God I promise plight,
We never will part, from this same hill,
Till we have tried your Earl's whole might,
And given your folks fighting their fill.

CCCLXX.

Because he vexed our land of late,
Perchance his stomach is extolled,
But now we will withstand his Grace,
Or thousand heads there shall be polled.

CCCLXXI.

To presence then he called his peers,
To whom he read the Earl's whole bill;
Audience being given, with ireful ears,
Some said it came of little skill.

CCCLXXII.

An Earl of such a simple shire,
To anointed king such words to write!
Some bad the schedule cast in fire,
Some for to speak did spare for spite.

CCCLXXIII.

Some said the herald of his head,
Such talk extempore did express,
And counselled that they with speed,
A Scottish herald should address,

CCCLXXIV.

To know of the Earl of Surrey plain,
If he such message did procure;
And till the time he turned again,
The English herald to make sure.

CCCLXXV.

Whereto the king did soon consent, [main,
That Rouge Croix should with them re-
And home with the English trumpet sent,
Their herald Hay called by name.

CCCLXXVI.

Who was commanded for to know
Of the Earl and his council sage,
If Rouge Croix truth to him did show,
Or if he had sent such message?

CCCLXXVII.

And if true tidings he had brought,
And to his Grace avouched no lie:
The king in mind anon forethought,
How he the Earl might terrify.

CCCLXXVIII.

He Ilay then instructed strait,
With letters large and eloquent ;
Which done, they soon set forth that night,
And towards the English camp they went.

CCCLXXIX.

But at a little village poor
Ilay did light, and lodging take ;
The army was two miles off or more,
Whilst clanging trumpets noise did make.

CCCLXXX.

The night was even at midst well near,
And the English lords lying on grass,
Till time the trumpet did appear ;
And told Earl Surrey all the case,

CCCLXXXI.

How that the Scotchmen did detain
Rouge Croix, and credit him would not,
And for to know the truth more plain,
The king himself had sent a Scot.

CCCLXXXII.

Which he constrained for to stay,
And lodged then in a village mean,
Lest he their order might display,
And so the Scots advantage gain.

CCCLXXXIII.

Which when the Earl had understood,
And viewed the Scotchmen's dealings all,
He in a sound and sober mood,
Upon his council strait did call.

CCCLXXXIV.

Where he in presence did repeat
The total tale the trumpet told,
The counsel mused with marvel great,
Why Scots their herald did with-hold.

CCCLXXXV.

And causes none they could conject,
But all surmises were deferred;
And sage advice was then defect,
Till they the Scottish herald heard.

CCCLXXXVI.

Wherefore as soon as Phœbus fair
Dame Luna's light and stars did stain,
And burning in the fiery chair,
His startling steeds haled forth amain,

CCCLXXXVII.

The Earl then called his council sage,
Who soon on horseback did surround;
And every man did bring his page,
To hold their horses in that sound.

CCCLXXXVIII.

But when they stept within the street,
The Scot was scarce from cabbage got.
Where he the English earl did greet,
With little courtesy, like a Scot.

CCCLXXXIX.

Which done, the Earl did then command
His message he should manifest,
Then lay quickly out of hand,
His chieftest charge anon exprest.

CCCXC.

My Sovereign Lord, quoth he, King James,
Would of your Honour gladly hear,
If Rouge Croix was charged in your name,
Such bold words to his Grace to bear.

CCCXCI.

My master doth mistrust his words,
They cannot well be understood;
Likewise do all our peerless Lords,
Then soon he told what Rouge Croix said.

CCCXCII.

Quoth the Earl, What does thy master mean
Of herald ours to make such dread,
He did not forge the same, nor feign,
Nor do we any favour need.

CCCXCIII.

Our herald's words, we will justify,
 Who truly did the same reveal;
 His writings too the same will try,
 Which of our arms do bear the seal.

CCCXCIV.

Wherefore I of thy master muse,
 Our herald why he handleth so.
 And 'gainst all reason doth refuse,
 Our message to make answer to.

CCCXCV.

Then Ilay to the Earl replied,
 I say, quoth he, so said my Lord,
 And to your message at this tide,
 I shall make answer word for word.

CCCXCVI.

And for Ford-castle first of all,
 Which to preserve you make such suit.
 To save the same from fire or fall,
 My master thereto biddeth mute.

CCCXCVII.

And for the owner of the fort,
 Who William Heron hath to name,
 My master says, to show you short,
 He will not answer to the same.

CCCXCVIII.

For Johnston and Sir Sandy Hume,
 Richard Hume and William Carr,
 Our Prince himself in person is come,
 Them to redeem by dint of war.

CCCXCIX.

If you your message dare make good,
 On Friday next in field to fight,
 My master with a manful mood,
 To mighty Jove hath promised plight

CCCC.

For to abide the battle bold,
 And give your folks fighting their fill,
 And that your Lordship show I should,
 So grateful be his Grace until,

CCCCI.

As any Earl all England thorough ;
 For if you had such message sent,
 To him at home in Edinborough,
 He would have answered your intent.

CCCCII.

Now if with dint of sword you dare,
 Abide his Grace in battle bold,
 On Friday next, he craves no far,
 My message whole now I have told.

CCCCIII.

A thousand thanks, Earl Surrey there,
Unto the Royal King did yield,
Whose princely heart did not forbear,
So simple a lord to meet in field.

CCCCIV.

And then a valiant vow he plight,
That he the battle bold would bide,
And on prefixed day would fight.
Which done he did command that tide,

CCCCV.

The Scottish herald Ilay kept,
Should for a season there sojourn,
And in safe custody be kept,
Till time that Rouge Croix did return.

CCCCVI.

When this the herald Ilay heard,
He to the King his servant sent,
Who to his Grace all things declared,
With the Earl's answer and intent.

CCCCVII.

The king then Rouge-Croix did discharge,
Who hied home to the Earl in haste,
Then Ilay was let go at large, [fast,
When Rouge Croix came, who was kept

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CCCCVIII.

Then Rouge Croix did make true report
To the Earl and Captains in like case,
As he had seen, and in what sort,
The Scottish king encamped was.

CCCCIX.

Even on the height of Floddon-hill,
Where down below his ordnance lay,
So strong that no man's cunning skill
To fight with him could find a way.

CCCCX.

Such mountains steep, such craggy hills,
His army on one side did not lose,
The other side, great grizzly gills,
Did fence about with mire and moss.

CCCCXI.

Which, when the Earl had understood,
He council craved of his captains all,
Who had set forth with manful mood,
And take such fortune as would fall.

CCCCXII.

Whereto the Earl did soon consent,
And quickly called for a guide,
Left by the way he harm-might hent,
But hark, what happened that tide.

CCCCXIII.

The army pressed thus to proceed,
And all prepared in ranks to fight,
Came on a champion then indeed,
With sword in hand, in armour bright.

CCCCXIV.

At first his face his helmet hid,
Thus plainly have I heard report,
Who swiftly by the ranks did ride,
And to the Earl did strait resort.

CCCCXV.

The army marvelled at this man,
To see him ride in such array,
But what he was, or whence he came,
None of them all could certain say.

CCCCXVI.

When he the Earl of Surrey saw,
From off his steed, he leaped there,
And kneeling, gracefully did bow,
Holding his horse and quivering spear.

CCCCXVII.

In little time he silence brake,
My Lord, quoth he, afford some grace;
Pardon my life for pity's sake,
For now you are in King Henry's place.

CCCCXVIII.

Mercy, my Lord, from you I crave,
 Freely forgive me mine offence:
 Perhaps you shortly may perceive,
 Your kindness I shall recompence.

CCCCXIX.

Quoth the Earl then, Tell us thy name:
 Perhaps you have done some heinous deed,
 And dare not shew thy face for shame,
 What is thy fact, declare with speed.

CCCCXX.

If thou hast wrought some treason, tell,
 Or English blood by murder spilt,
 Or hast thou been some rude rebell,
 Else we will pardon thee thy guilt.

CCCCXXI.

Then to the Earl he did reply,
 My Lord, my crime it is not such;
 The total world I do defy,
 No man for treason can me touch.

CCCCXXII.

I grant indeed I wrong have wrought,
 Yet disobedience was the worst;
 Else I am clear from deed or thought,
 And to extreams I have been forced,

CCCCXXIII.

And as for hurting English men,
 I never hurt man, maid, or wife,
 Howbeit, Scots some nine or ten,
 At least I have bereaved of life.

CCCCXXIV.

Else I in time of wealth and want,
 Unto my king persisted true,
 Wherefore, good Lord, my life now grant,
 And then my name I will shortly shew.

CCCCXXV.

Quoth the Earl then, Pluck up thy heart,
 You seem to be a person brave;
 Stand up at once, lay dread apart,
 Thy pardon freely thou shalt have.

CCCCXXVI.

Thou seemest to be a man indeed,
 And of thy hands hardy and wight,
 Of such a man we will stand in need,
 Perchance at Friday next at night.

CCCCXXVII.

Then on his feet he started strait,
 And thanked the Earl for that good tide,
 Then on his horse he leaped light,
 Saying, my Lord, ye lack a guide.

CCCCXXVIII

But I shall you conduct full strait,
 To where the Scots encamped are; I
 I know of old the Scottish sleight,
 And crafty stratagems of war.

CCCCXXIX

Thereto experience hath me taught;
 Now I will show you who I am;
 On borders here I was up brought,
 And Bastard Heron is my name.

CCCCXXX

What, quoth the Earl, Bastard Heron,
 He dyed at least now two years since,
 Betwixt Newark and Northampton,
 He perished through the pestilence.

CCCCXXXI

Our king to death had deemed the man,
 Cause he the Scottish warden slew,
 And on our borders first began
 Those raging wars for to renew.

CCCCXXXII

But God his purpose did prevent,
 He died of the plague, to prove,
 King Henry his death did since lament,
 He wondrous well the man did love.

CCCCXXXIII.

Would God thy tale were true this tide,
 Thou Bastard Heron might be found,
 Thou in this gate should be our guide,
 I know right well you know the ground.

CCCCXXXIV.

I am the same, said he again,
 And therewith did unfold his face:
 Each person then perceived him plain,
 That done, he opened all the case.

CCCCXXXV.

Quoth he, When I the Scots warden
 Had with my blade bereaved of life,
 I knew well I should get no pardon,
 But sure I was to suffer death.

CCCCXXXVI.

In haste King Henry for me sent,
 To whom I durst not disobey:
 So towards London strait I went,
 But, hark, what I wrought by the way.

CCCCXXXVII.

I nothing but the truth shall note:
 That time in many a town and borough,
 The pestilence was raging hot,
 And raging, reigned all England thorough.

CCCCXXXVIII.

So coming to a certain town,

I said I was infected fore;

And in a lodge they laid me down,

Where company I had no more;

CCCCXXXIX.

But my own secret servants three,

Who, afraid of townsmen, careful watched;

So in that stead no more staid I,

But homeward by the dark dispatched.

CCCCXL.

My servants secretly that night,

Did frame a corps in cunning sort;

And on the morning, soon as light,

My death did ruefully report.

CCCCXLI.

And so my servants on that morn

The corps to bury soon were bound;

Crying, Alas! like men forlorn,

And seemed for sorrow to fall down.

CCCCXLII.

The corps they cunningly conveyed,

And made the bell aloud be rung;

And money to the priest they paid,

And service for my soul was sung.

CCCCXLIII.

Which done, they tidings strait did bring
 Unto King Henry, I was dead;
 Christ have his soul, then said the King,
 For sure he should have lost his head.

CCCCXLIV.

If he up to the court had come,
 I promised had so, by St. Paul,
 But since God did prevent our doom,
 Almighty Christ forgive his fault.

CCCCXLV.

To mansion mine, I came at last,
 By journeys nimbly, all by night;
 And now two years or more are past
 Since openly I came in sight.

CCCCXLVI.

No wight did know but I was dead
 Save my three servants and my wife;
 Now am I start up in this stead,
 And come again from death to life.

CCCCXLVII.

So said, the lords and knights of fame,
 From laughing loud could not refrain;
 To hear his Gando, had good game,
 And of his welfare all were fain.

CCCCXLVIII.

Whose policy they had perceived,
And oftentimes his truth had tried,
Which was the cause so fore they craved,
This Heron gave to be their guide.

CCCCXLIX.

Read the Fourth Part, it makes an end
Of Heron's story, and the fight.
Let young and old to this attend,
It will give instruction with delight.

P A R T IV. F I T VII.

CCCCL.

THEN forth before brave Heron flew,
The borderers bold to him did draw,
The total army did ensue,
And came that night to Wooler-Haugh.

CCCCLI.

The English Lords there lodged their host
Because the place was plain and dry ;
And was within six miles at most,
Whereas their enemies did lie.

CCCCLII.

The morrow next they were removed,
Though weather was both foul and ill,
Along down by a pleasant flood,
Which called is, The water of Till.

CCCCLIII.

And all that day they viewed in fight,
Whereas the Scots for battle stood,
Because the day was spent, that night
The army lodged at Barmoor wood.

CCCCLIV.

Then valiantly, with the vanguard,
The morrow next, with mature skill,
The Admiral did march forward,
And passed over the water of Till.

CCCCLV.

At Twizle bridge, with ordnance,
And other engines, fit for war,
His father eke did forth advance,
And at Millfield from thence not far,

CCCCLVI.

With the rereward, the river past,
All ready in ranks and battle-array,
They had no need more time to waste,
For victuals they had none that day.

CCCCLVII.

But black fasting as they were born,
From flesh or fish, or other food;
Drink had they none two days before,
But water won in running flood.

CCCCLVIII.

Yet they such stedful faiths did bear
Unto their king and native land;
Each one to other then did swear, [stand,
Gainst foes to fight while they could

CCCCLIX.

And never flee, while life did last,
But rather die by dint of sword:
Thus over plains and hills they past,
Until they came to Sandyford;

CCCCLX.

A brook, of breadth a taylor's yard,
Where the Earl of Surrey thus did say,
Good fellow soldiers be not afraid,
But fight it out like men this day.

CCCCLXI.

Like English men now play your parts,
Bestow your strokes with stomach bold,
Ye know the Scottish toward hearts,
And how we have scourged them of old.

CCCCLXII.

Strike but three strokes with stomach stout,
And shoot each man sharp arrows three,
And you shall see without all doubt,
The scolding Scots begin to flee.

CCCCLXIII.

Think on your country's commonwealth,
In what estate the same shall stand,
To Englishmen no hopes of health,
If Scotsmen gain the upper hand.

CCCCLXIV.

If we should not them boldly bide,
But, cowards-like, from them should turn;
All England north, from Trent to Tweed,
The haughty Scots would harry and burn,

CCCCLXV.

Your faithful wives, and daughters pure,
They would not stick for to defile;
Of life none could be safe and sure,
But murdered be by villains vile.

CCCCLXVI.

But if you will fight like souls most fierce,
So that by force we win the field,
My tongue cannot tell and rehearse
What plenteous foil we then shall wield,

CCCCLXVII.

Besides all that, perpetual praise
Throughout all ages we shall gain,
And quietly pass out our days ;
And in a lasting peace remain.

CCCCLXVIII.

Agreed ;—the soldiers then replied,
And to the Earl they promised plight,
There on that bent boldly to bide,
And never flee, but fiercely fight,

CCCCLXIX.

Then marched forth the men of war,
And every band their banners shewed;
And trumpets hoarse were heard afar,
And harness glittering was viewed.

CCCCLXX.

Thus they past forth along the plain,
And strait forth by a valley low;
Whence up above, on the mountain,
The Scotch army they clearly saw.

CCCCLXXI.

Which they did leave on the left hand,
And past forth on the Surrey side,
Till twixt the Scots and Scottish land,
They were conducted by their guide.

CCCCLXXII.

Now all this while the king of Scots
Beheld them fair before his eyne,
Within his mind drove many doubts,
Musing what the English did mean.

CCCCLXXIII.

Giles Musgrave, then, a gainful Greek,
And friend familiar with the king,
Said, Now, Sir King, if you do seek,
To know the English mens meaning,

CCCCLXXIV.

You better notice cannot have,
Than that which I to you shall tell,
What they forecast, I full conceive,
I know their meaning passing well.

CCCCLXXV.

Your marches they mean for to sack,
And borders yours to harry and burn,
Wherefore its best that we go back,
From such intent them for to turn.

CCCCLXXVI.

This Musgrave was a man of skill,
And spake this for a policy,
To cause the king come down the hill,
That so the battle tried might be.

CCCCLXXVII.

The king gave credit to his words,
Trusting his talk was void of train,
He with consent of all his lords,
Did march with speed down to the plain.

CCCCLXXVIII.

By north there was another hill,
Which Branxton-hill is called by name,
The Scots there scoured with right good will,
Left the English men should get the same.

CCCCLXXIX.

The litter which they left behind,
And other filth on fire they set,
Whose dusty smoak the light did blind,
That both the armies soon they met.

CCCCLXXX.

For when the weather waxed clear
And smoak consumed within a while,
The armies both in distance were,
Not past a quarter of a mile.

CCCCLXXXI.

Then the Admiral did plain aspect
The Scots arrayed in battles four,
The man was sage and circumspect,
And soon perceived that his power

CCCCLXXXII.

So great a strength could not gainstand,
Wherefore he to his father sent,
Desiring him strait out of hand,
With the rereward ready to be bent,

CCCCLXXXIII.

And join with him in equal ground:
Whereto the Earl agreed anon,
Then drums struck up with dreadful sound,
And trumpets blew with doleful tune.

CCCCLXXXIV.

Then founding bows were soon up bent,
Some did their arrows sharp up take,
Some did in hand their halbards hent,
Some rusty bills did ruffling shake.

F I T VIII.

CCCCLXXXV.

THEN ordnance great anon out-braſt,
On either ſide with thundering
thumps,

And roaring guns with fire faſt,
Then levelled out great leaden lumps.

CCCCLXXXVI.

With rumbling rage thus Vulcan's art,
Began this fierce and dreadful fight,
But the arch-gunner on the Engliſh part,
The maſter Scot did mark ſo right,

CCCCLXXXVII.

That he with bullet bruſt his brain,
And hurled his heels his head above,
Then piped he ſuch a peal again,
The Scots he from their ordnance drove.

CCCCLXXXVIII.

So by the Scots artillery,
The Engliſh men no harm did hend;
But the Engliſh gunner grievouſly,
Them tennis-balls did ſouſing ſend,

CCCCLXXXIX.

Into the midst of the enemies ranks,
Where they in furious rage down rushed,
Some shouting laid with broken shanks,
Some crying laid with members crushed.

CCCCXC.

Thus Englishmen with bombard shot,
Their enemies down thick they threw;
But yet the Scots, with stomach stout,
Their broken ranks did still renew.

CCCCXCI.

And when the roaring guns did cease
To handy strokes they hied apace;
And with their total power did press,
To join with enemies face to face.

CCCCXCII.

Then Englishmen, a feathered flight
Sent out anon from sounding bow,
Which wounded many a warlike wight;
And many a groom to ground did throw.

CCCCXCIII.

The gray-goose wings did work such grief,
And did the Scots so scour and skail;
For in their battle, to be brief,
They rattling flew as rank as hail.

CCCCXCIV.

That many a foldier on the foil,
Lay dead that day through dint of dart,
The arrows keen kept such a coil,
And wounded many to the heart.

CCCCXCV.

They pierced the scalp of many a Scot,
So that on ground they groaning fell,
Some had his shoulder quite through shot,
Some losing life, did loudly yell.

CCCCXCVI.

One from his leg the lance would pull,
Another through his stomach stricked;
Some bleeding, bellowed like a bull,
Some were through privy members pricked.

CCCCXCVII.

But yet the Scots still stout did stand,
Till arrow-shot at last was done,
And then they went to strokes of hand,
And at the last did battle join.

CCCCXCVIII.

Then on the English part with speed,
The bills stept forth, and bows went back,
The Moorish pikes, and mells of lead,
Did deal there many a dreadful thwack.

110. THE BATTLE

CCCCXCIX.

The Englishmen stretcht east and west,
And southward did their faces set;
The Scotchmen northward proudly prest,
And manfully their foes they met.

D.

First, westward of a wing there was
Sir Edmund Howard, captain chief,
With whom did pass, in equal mace,
Sir Brian Tunstall, to be brief.

DI.

With whom encountered a strong Scot,
Who was the king's chief chamberlain,
Lord Hume by name, of courage hot,
Who manfully marched them again.

DII.

Ten thousand Scots, well tried and told,
Under his standard stout he led;
When the Englishmen did them behold,
For fear at first they would have fled,

DIII.

Had not the valiant Tunstall been
Who still stept on with stomach stout,
Crying, Come on, good countrymen,
Now fiercely let us fight it out.

DIV.

Let not the number of our foes,
 Your manful hearts minish or shake;
 Nor ever let the world suppose,
 That Scotchmen made us turn our back.

DV.

Like doughty lads, let us rather die,
 And from our blood take all rebuke:
 With edged tools now let us try;
 'Then from the ground he mould up took,

DVI.

And did the same in mouth receive
 In token of his Maker dear;
 Which, when his people did perceive,
 His valiant heart renewed their chear.

DVII.

Then first before, in foremost ray,
 The trusty Tunstall bold forth sprung;
 His stomach could no longer stay,
 But thundering thrust into the throng.

DVIII.

And as true men did make report
 In present place which did on look,
 He was the first for to be short,
 On the English part, that proffered stroke.

112 THE BATTLE

DIX.

All those that he with halbert wrought,
He made to stagger in that ffound;
And many a man to ground he brought,
And dealt there many a deadly wound.

DX.

And forward still gainst foes he flew,
And threshing turned them all to teen;
Where he a noble Scotchman flew,
Who called was Sir Malkin Keene.

DXI.

He still his foes pursued fast,
And weapon in Scotch blood he warmed,
And slaughter lashed, till at the last
The Scots so thick about him swarmed,

DXII.

That he from succour covered was,
And from his men which Scots had
skailed,
Yet for all that he kept his place,
He fiercely fought, and never failed.

DXIII.

Till with an edged sword one came,
And at his legs below did dash;
And near a score of Scots, the same,
Upon his helmet high did clash.

DXIV.

Though he could not withstand such strength,
Yet never would he flee nor yield,
Alas ! for want of aid, at length,
He slain was fighting in the field.

DXV.

Down fell this valiant active knight,
His body great, on ground did lie ;
But up to Heaven, with angels bright,
His golden ghost did fluttering fly. *

DXVI.

Who, now, intombed, lies at a church,
Carved out in stone to shew his fate,
That though, by fate, left in the lurch,
He died a death renowned and great.

DXVII.

After his fall the people fled,
And all that wing did fall to wrack,
Some fighting fierce died in the stead,
The rest for terror turned their back.

DXVIII.

Save Sir Edmund Howard all alone,
Who with his standard-bearer yet,
Seeing his folks all fled and gone ;
In haste to vanguard hyed to get.

DXIX.

But he Scot-free had not so scaped,
 For why, right hot Sir David Hume,
 With troop of horse had him entrapped,
 Had not John Bastard Heron come

DXX.

With half a score of horsemen light,
 Crying, Now Howard, have good heart,
 For unto death till we be dight,
 I promise here to take thy part.

DXXI.

Which heard then Howard's heart up drew
 And with the spearmen forth he sprung,
 And fierce amongst their foes they flew,
 Where David Hume down dead they
 flung.

DXXII.

Then many a Scot that stout did stand,
 With dreadful stroke they did reward;
 So Howard, through bold Heron's hand,
 Came safe and sound to the vanguard.

DXXIII.

Where the Admiral, with strength extent,
 Then in the field fierce fighting was,
 Gainst whom in battle bold was bent,
 Two Scotch Earls of an ancient race.

DXXIV.

One Crawford called, the other Montros,
Who led twelve thousand Scotchmen
strong,

Who manfully met with their foes,
With leaden mells and lances long.

DXXV.

Their battering blows made solid sound,
There many a sturdy stroke was given;
And many a baron brought to ground,
And many a banner broad was riven.

DXXVI.

But yet, in fine, through mighty force
The Admiral quit himself so well,
And wrought so, that the Scots had worst,
For down in field both Earls they fell.

DXXVII.

Now the Earl Surrey next by cast,
Most fiercely gainst his foes he fought;
Gainst whom King James, in battle prest,
With banners blazed, his battle brought.

DXXVIII.

Under which was many a baron bold,
And many a lord of lusty blood;
And trusty knights well tried and told;
With mitred prelates passing proud,

DXXIX.

With the Earl of Caithness and Cassel,
The Earl of Morton and of Mar;
With Errol, Addell, and Atholl,
With Bothwell bold, and of Glencarr.

DXXX.

Lord Lovett led a lusty power,
So Clustone, Inderby, and Ross;
Lord Maxwell, with his brethren four,
Lord Borthwick, Bargeny, and Forbes.

DXXXI.

Lord Erskine, Sinclair, and Sempel,
With them well tried a mighty sum;
All with the king came down the hill,
With Cawell, Kay, and Caddy Hume.

DXXXII.

With captains great and commons stout,
Bove twenty thousand men at least,
All with the king most fierce on foot,
Against their foes themselves addrest.

DXXXIII.

Now the Earl of Surrey on the English side
Encouraged his soldiers keen,
Crying, Good fellows, strike this tide,
Let now your valiant acts be seen.

DXXXIV.

Then spears and pikes to work were put,
And blows with cutting axes dealt.
Then towering helmets through were cut,
That some their wounds scarce ever felt.

DXXXV.

On one side death triumphant reigned
And stopt their pains as well as groans;
Of those who piercing wounds had gained,
The hills did eccho with the moans.

DXXXVI.

Then on the Scottish part right proud
The Earl of Bothwell did out-burst,
And stepping forth with stomach good;
Unto the English fierce did thrust:

DXXXVII.

And Bothwell, Bothwell, cried bold,
To cause his soldiers to ensue;
But there he caught a welcome cold;
A valiant Englishman him flew.

DXXXVIII.

Thus Herbert, through his haughty heart
His fatal end in conflict found;
Now all this while, on either part,
Was dealt full many a deadly wound.

DXXXIX.

On either side were foldiers slain
And stricken down with strength of hand,
That who should win, none could say plain,
The victory in doubt did stand.

F I T IX.

DXL.

BUT at the last great Stanley stout,
 Camemarching up the mountain steep;
 His folks could hardly fast their feet,
 Forced on hands and knees to creep.

DXLI.

Some from the leg the boot would draw,
 That loose it might take the better hold,
 Some from the foot the shoe would throw;
 Thus of true men I have been told.

DXLII.

The sweat down from their bodies ran,
 And hearts did hop in panting breast,
 Until the mountain-top they wan,
 In warlike-wise ere Scotsmen wist.

DXLIII.

Where for a while brave Stanley staid,
 Until his folks had taken breath;
 To whom at last even thus he said,
 Most hardy mates, down from this heath,

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DXLIV.

Against our foes fast let us hyc,
Our valiant countrymen to aid;
With fighting fierce, much fear have I,
Lest that they should be overlaid.

DXLV.

My Lancashire most lively wights,
And chosen men from Cheshire strong;
With founding bow your feathered flights
Let fiercely fly your foes among.

DXLVI.

March down from this high mountain-top,
And brunt of battle let us bide
With stomach stout, let us make no stop,
Stanley will be to you a guide.

DXLVII.

A scourge for Scots my father was,
He Berwick town from them did gain;
No doubt but ere this day shall pass,
His son like fortune shall obtain.

DXLVIII.

And now the Earl of Surrey fore
The Scots I see besets this tide;
But since with foes he fights before,
We will suddenly set on the side.

DXLIX.

The noise then made the mountains ring,
 And Stanley stout they all did cry:
 Out went anon the grey-goose wing,
 And amongst the Scots did fluttering fly,

DL.

And though the Scots at Stanley's name
 Were stonished fore, yet stout they stood;
 And for defence did fiercely frame,
 A narrow dint of dangerous bode.

DLI.

Lord Borthwick, Bargeny, and Forbes,
 With them ten thousand Scotsmen strong;
 Endured death through danger's force,
 Alas! for them, they staid too long.

DLII.

Which when Lord Stanley stout did see,
 Into the throng, he thundering thrust;
 My Lancashire brave lads, quoth he,
 Down with the Scots this day we must.

DLIII.

Then foes he forced to break their ray,
 And many a life was lost that while,
 No voice was heard but kill and slay,
 Down goes the Scots Earl of Argyle.

DLIV.

The Earl of Lenox, luck had like,
He slain was fighting fierce that tide:
Lord Forbes, Bargeny, and Borthwick,
Upon that bent did breathless bide.

DLV.

And so the Earl of Huntley's hap
Had been resembled to the rest,
But that through skill he made escape,
With an English blade he had been blest.

DLVI.

For having near a horse at hand,
On him he scouring scaped away,
Else doubtless, as the case did stand,
On Floddon-hill he had died that day.

DLVII.

After these Lords were dead or fled,
And companies left captainless;
Their soldiers then did fly with speed:
With souls of horror and distress.

DLVIII.

Whom Stanley, with his total strength
Swiftly pursues unto the plain,
Where, on the king he light at length;
Who fighting was with all his main.

DLIX.

When his approach the king perceived,
 With stomach stout he him withstood;
 His Scots right bravely then behaved,
 And battle boldly there abode.

DLX.

Then showers of arrows fierce were shot,
 Which did each side so pierce and gaul,
 That ere they came to handy strokes,
 Great numbers on the ground did fall.

DLXI.

The king himself was wounded fore,
 An arrow in his forehead light,
 That he could scarce fight any more,
 The blood so blemished his fight.

DLXII.

Fight on, my men, the king then said,
 Yet fortune she may turn the scale,
 And for my wounds be not dismayed,
 Nor ever let your courage fail.

DLXIII.

Thus dying, did he brave appear,
 Till shades of death did close his eyes.
 Till then he did his soldiers chear,
 And raise their courage to the skies.

DLXIV.

But what availed his valour great
Or bold device, it was all in vain ;
His captains keen failed at his feet,
And standard-bearer too was slain.

DLXV.

The archbishop of St Andrews brave,
King James his son in base begot,
That doleful day did death receive,
With many a lusty Lord-like Scot.

DLXVI.

Lord Erskine, Sinclair, and Sempel,
Morton and Fair for all their power,
The Earl of Erroll and Atholl,
Lord Maxwell, with his brethren four.

DLXVII.

And last of all, amongst the lave,
King James himself to death gave way,
Yet by whose hands none could perceive,
But Stanley still most like was he.

DLXVIII.

After the king and captains slain,
The commons strait did fall to ground :
The Englishmen pursued amain,
And never ceased till sun went down.

DLXIX.

Then the Earl Surrey caused to sound
A trumpet to retreat anon;
And captains caused to keep their ground,
Till morrow next while night was gone.

DLXX.

And the English soldiers all that night,
Although they weary were with toil;
Of Scotsmen costly slain in fight,
Of jewels rich spared not to spoil.

DLXXI.

The carcase of the king himself
Naked was left as it was found,
The Earl could not know it right,
Searching the same upon the ground.

DLXXII.

Till the Lord Dacres, at the last,
By certain signs did know the king;
His corps into a cart being placed
They to Newcastle did it bring.

DLXXIII.

Twelve thousand Scots it seems were slain,
Of English but five thousand fell;
But fifteen hundred, others plain;
As words can make it, to us tell.

DLXXIV.

Great store of guns were likewise taken,
 Amongst the rest seven culverines;
 Seven sisters called, which do remain,
 To be talked of to latest times.

DLXXV.

King James's body was embalmed,
 Sweet, like a king, and then was sent
 To Shene in Surrey, where intombed,
 Some say there is now a monument.

DLXXVI.

But Bryan Tunstall, that brave knight,
 A never-dying honour gains.
 And will, as long as day and night,
 Or as this little book remains.

DLXXVII.

Thus have you heard of Floddon-fight,
 Worthy of each to be commended;
 Because that then old England's right
 Was bravely by her sons defended.

The End of the Fourth and Last PART.

N O T E S.

N DENOTES words which are now spoken in the North.

Page 1. The first *Fit.* i. e. the first division, or part. See Dr. Percy's ingenious note in the *Relics of Anc. Eng. Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 166.

Stanza 1. Cease. Perhaps the Author means *omit, forbear*. Cease, *omitto*. Litt. Dict.

6. *Great Howard.*] Thomas Howard, Earl of Surry, was knighted for his remarkable courage at the battle of *Barnet*. He was made Knight of the Garter, 1 Ric. III. He was taken prisoner in the battle of *Bosworth*, and committed to the tower by Hen. VII. and attainted by parliament. K. Henry asked him, how he durst bear arms in behalf of that tyrant *Richard*; to which he answered, "He was my crowned King, and if the parliamentary authority of England set the crown upon a stock, I will fight for

that stock; and as I fought then for him, I will fight for you, when you are established by the said authority." In the rebellion against the King, *by the Earl of Lincoln*, the Lieutenant of the Tower offered the Earl of Surry the keys of the Tower, in order to set himself at liberty; but he replied, "That he would not be delivered by any power, but by that which had committed him." After he had been in prison three years and a half, the King gave him his liberty; and knowing his worth and nice sense of honour, he took him into favour, and delivered up to him all his estates. The Earl took all occasions of relieving the oppressed subjects; and was accounted one of the ablest and greatest men in the kingdom. The Scots made an irruption into England, and besieged *Norham-castle*: the Earl raised the siege, took the castle of *Ayton*, and made all the country round a desert. James IV. of Scotland, incensed at this, sent a Herald with a challenge to him, to which he made a sensible, and spirited answer; "That his life belonged to the King, whilst he had the command of his army; but when that was ended, that he would fight the King on horseback, or on foot; adding, that, if he took the King prisoner in the combat, he would release him without any ransom; and that if the

King should vanquish him, he would then pay such a sum for his liberty, as was competent for the degree of an Earl." A. 1501, the Earl was Lord High Treasurer. In June 1502, *Margaret* the King's daughter, a beautiful Princess, at the age of fourteen years, was attended by the Earl of Surry, with a great company of Lords, Ladies, Knights, and Squires, to the town of *Berwick*, whence she was conveyed to *St. Lambert's church* in *Lamymoor*, where K. James, attended by the chief nobility, received her, and carried her to *Edinburgh*. The next day after her arrival there, she was with great solemnity married unto him, in the presence of all his nobles. The King gave great entertainments to the English, whom the Scotch noblemen and ladies far outshone, both in costly apparel, rich jewels, massy chains, habiliments set with goldsmith's work, garnished with pearl, and stones of price, and in gallant and well trapped horses. They made also great feasts for the English Lords and Ladies, and showed them jousting, and other pleasant pastimes, as good as could be devised after the manner of Scotland. Diverse Ladies of Q. Margaret's train remained in Scotland, and were afterwards well married to Noblemen. *Lesly, Holinshed.*

4 N O T E S.

Q. Margaret's portion was L. 10,000. Her jointure from *K. James* L. 2000 a year, and she received *pin money* from him annually, L. 331 : 6 : 8.

In 1507, two years before the death of Hen. VII. the Earl was Embassador to the K. of France. 2 Hen. VIII. He was made Earl Marshal for life. A. 1511, he was one of the Commissioners at the Court of Arragon. When Hen. VIII. heard, that the Scots were preparing to invade England, he said, "That he had left a Nobleman who would defend his subjects from insults." After the battle of *Floddon*, the Earl himself presented *K. James's* armour to the Queen Regent. When the King returned from France, he gave the Earl an augmentation of his arms, viz. to bear on the Bend the upper part of a Red Lion, depicted in the same manner as the arms of Scotland, pierced through the mouth with an arrow. A. 1514, the Earl was created *Duke of Norfolk*, and a grant was given him in special tail of several manors. He hated, and opposed *Cardinal Wolsey*, because he advised the K. to pursue measures hurtful to the liberties of the people. Finding that this opposition availed nothing, he resigned his post, and retired from Court. He died A. 1524.

13. Teen. *Harm, Injury.* N.

18. Mack, or make. *Match, equal.* Mack-
less, *matchless.* N.

18. Latham-house, near Ormskirk, in Lancashire, is famous for sustaining a siege of two years, against the Parliament-army, being most gallantly defended by a Lady, Charlotte, Countess of Derby; who never could be brought to capitulate, but maintained the place, till Prince Rupert came with the King's forces, and compelled the enemy to raise their siege, A. 1644.

37. In the old Ballad, entitled, Sir Andrew Barton, the Bowman, who shot Sir Andrew, is by a mistake called *Horsely*. It was a Yorkshire gentleman that killed him, of the name of *Hufler*.

The last male descendant of that ancient, and opulent family, *James Hufler, Esq;* of *Acklam-Hall, in Cleveland*, near *Stockton*, was buried in a grand manner, A. 1768.

39. *Your warden.*] Sir Robert Carr was made by James IV. his chief Butler, Engineer, and Warden of the middle marches. He was much esteemed by the King for his virtuous qualities. He was a severe punisher of the English and Scotch border-robbers, therefore they were determined to destroy him. At a solemn meeting between the English and Scotch, in order to reclaim stolen goods, altercations arose, when

three desperate Englishmen, *John Heron the Bastard*, *Lilburn*, and *Starhed*, fell upon him; one of whom stabbed him with a spear in the back, and the other two dispatched him. Henry VII. enraged at this villainous action, delivered *John Heron*, Laird of *Ford*, brother to the Bastard, and *Lilburn* to the Scots, who imprisoned them in *Fastcastle Tower* in the *Mers*, where the latter died. The Bastard and Starhed hid themselves in the interior parts of England, until the reign of Henry VIII. when the Bastard, trusting to the power of his relations, appeared openly at his own house, and privately sent thieves into Scotland to disturb the peace. Starhed thought himself safe, having built a house at the distance of ninety miles from the Border. But *Andrew Carr*, the son of *Sir Robert*, prevailed upon two of his dependants, of the name of *Tate*, to disguise themselves, who entered Starhed's house in the night, and brought away his head to *Andrew*, who fixed it in one of the most conspicuous places of the city of Edinburgh.

The Bastard flourished many years, till A. 1524, when he, with 900 Englishmen entered the marches of Scotland. After a stout battle with the Scots, 200 Englishmen were taken prisoners, and the Bastard slain. *Holinshed*.

Others write, that 200 Scots were taken,

and that the rest fled. And that *Sir Ralph Fenwick*, *Leonard Musgrave*, and the *Bastard*, with thirty other horsemen, having pursued the Scots too far, were overcome by them. *Fenwick*, *Musgrave*, and six others being taken prisoners, and the *Bastard* killed: whose death the Scots thought to be a very ample recompence for the loss of their 200 men. *Hall*.

Which of these two contrary accounts are we to believe? If we estimate, by the price, the credit of the old chronicle of *Holinsbed* printed 1586, we shall have no mean opinion of it; for his history is sold by the booksellers for L. 6 : 16 : 6.

47. Millners. Millers are now so called about Leeds.

49. Bodword. *An ominous message*. Bodwords are now used to express *ill-natured errands*. N.

51. *A half moon, &c.*] The silver crescent is the Badge of the *Percys*, supposed to have been assumed by one of that noble family, who had been in an expedition, against the Saracens, in the Holy Land.

Vid. Dr. Percy's note. Rel. of Ant. Eng. Poetry. I. 277. 2d Edit.

57. Lave. *The rest*. N.

8 N O T E S.

58. *Dun Bulls* were the supporters of the arms of Nevil Earl of Westmoreland.

60. Earl of Westmoreland.] It is remarkable that the last Nevil Earl of Westmoreland was one of the most unfortunate, and the first Earl one of the happiest men in the world; both with respect to his vast possessions, his grand alliance by marriage, the number of his children, and the high honours to which they arrived.

Ralph Lord Nevil of *Raby Castle* in the county of Durham, commonly called the great Earl of Westmoreland, obtained this title from Richard II. A. 1397. He had twenty children.

By his first wife, *Margaret*, nine.

1. *John* his eldest son. *Lord Nevil*, &c.

2. *Ralph*, in the right of Mary his wife, *Lord Ferrars of Ously*.

3. *Maud*, married to *Peter Lord Mauley*.

4. *Alice*, married to *Sir Thomas Gray*.

5. *Philippa*, married to *Thomas Lord Dacres of Gilsland*.

6. *Margaret*, married to the *Lord Scroop of Bolton*.

7. *Ann*, married to *Sir Gilbert Humfreville*.

8. *Margerie*, Abbess of *Barking*.

9. *Elisabeth*, a Nun.

By his second wife, *Joan* daughter of *John*

of Gaunt, sister of the Duke of Exeter, and the Bishop of Winchester, and half-sister of Hen. IV. he had eleven children.

1. Richard, Earl of Salisbury.
2. William, in the right of Joan his wife, Lord Faulconbridge.
3. George, Lord Latimer.
4. Edward, Lord Abergavenny.
5. Robert, Bishop of Durham.
6. Thomas, in the right of his wife, Lord Seymour.
7. Catharine, married to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.
8. Eleanor, married to Henry, Earl of Northumberland.
9. Ann, married to Humphry, Duke of Buckingham.
10. Jane, a Nun.
11. Cicely, married to Richard, Duke of York, and mother to King Edward IV.

Concerning the above-mentioned Bishop of Winchester, I shall give the reader an extract from a sermon of Bishop Latimer, preached before K. Edw. VI. A. 1549.

“There was a bishop of Winchester, in K. Henry VI.’s days, which King was but a child, and yet were there many good acts made in his childhood, and I do not read that they

were broken. This Bishop was a great man born, and did bear such a stroke, that he was able to shoulder the *Lord Protector*. Well; it chanced, that the *Lord Protector* and he fell out, and the Bishop would bear nothing at all with him, but played me the *Satrapa*, so that the *Regent of France* was fain to be sent for, from beyond the seas, to set them at one, and to go between them. For the Bishop was as able to buckle with the *Lord Protector*, as he was with him. Was not this a good prelate? he should have been at home a preaching in his Diocese in a wanian. *This Protector* was so noble, and godly a man, that he was called of every man, the *good Duke Humphrey*. He kept such a house, as never was kept since in England, without any enhancing of rents I warrant you, or any such matter. And the Bishop, for standing so stiffly by the matter, and bearing up the order of our mother, the holy church, was made *Cardinal* at Calais, and thither the Bishop of *Rome* sent him a Cardinal's hat. He should have had a Tyburn-tippet, a half-penny halter, and all such proud prelates. These Romish hearts never brought good into England,

Upon this, the Bishop goeth me to the *Queen Margaret*, the King's wife, a proud woman, and a stout, and persuaded her, that, if

the Duke were in such authority still, and lived, the people would honour him more than they did the King, and the King should not be set by; and so between them, I cannot tell how it came to pass, but at *St. Edmunds Bury*, in a parliament, the good Duke *Humphrey* was smothered.

A. 1414, the Earl of Westmoreland was warden of the Marches, and was said to have been a man of great gravity, wisdom, and experience. He died A. 1425, and was buried in the Cathedral-church of Durham, on the south side of it, between two pillars. On the top of a square tomb lie the effigies of himself and his Lady, in alabaster. On the four sides thereof are carved eighteen of his children; one of which seems to represent *Robert, Bishop of Durham*, by a canonical habit, and his hands elevated in a supplicating posture.

This monument, and that of his son John, the second Earl of Westmoreland, near to it, were defaced by the Scots, of whom 4500 after the battle of *Dunbar* were imprisoned in the Cathedral.

THE Earl of Westmoreland earnestly petitioned the prior and convent, that they would suffer him to be buried under the same roof, with *Saint Cuthbert*. This high honour was grant-

ed to him, the first layman, that ever obtained it, in consideration of the many magnificent presents given by him and his Countess to that saint.

The grand *Anthony Beck*, who commonly had in his retinue 140 Knights, was the first Bishop that was buried in the church of Durham.

Charles, the last Earl of Westmoreland, of this name of Nevil, after his unsuccessful rebellion against Q. Elizabeth, by which he forfeited an estate of L. 30,000 per annum, fled into *Flanders*, where he lived in penury, upon a small, and ill paid pension given to him by the King of *Spain*. He died miserably, according to *Speed*, affected with ulcers, A. 1584.

Pilkinton, Bishop of Durham, commenced a suit against Q. Elizabeth for the Earl of Westmoreland's goods and estate lying within his diocese. But the Queen prevailed, because, at a great expence, she had protected the Bishoprick, and the Bishop against the rebels, who sought for his two infant-daughters to kill them. But they escaped, being conveyed away in beggar's cloaths.

The Princesses *Mary and Elizabeth* had each of them a portion of L. 10,000 left to them by the will of their father Hen. VIII. of which

there is a MS. copy in the library of Caius and Gonville college in Cambridge.

Q. Elizabeth being told that Dr. Pilkinton had given L. 10,000 in marriage with his daughter, was highly offended, that a prelate's daughter should dare to have a portion equal to that of a Princess, and therefore she took away from the Bishoprick of Durham L. 1000 a-year, and gave it to the garrison of Berwick, for their better maintenance.

Of the above-named family of *Nevil*, it hath been observed, that there were six Earls of Westmoreland. Two Earls of Salisbury and Warwick. An Earl of Kent. A Marquis of Montague. A Duke of Bedford, Baron Ferrars of Oufley. Barons of Latimer, and Barons of Abergavenny. One Queen. Five Dutcheffes. Not to mention Countesses, Baroneffes, and a numerous race of nobles. Of this family also was *George Nevil*, Archbishop of York, famous for the prodigious feast which he made at his installation about the year 1470. In the bill of fare are 4000 wood-cocks, 4000 cold venison-pasties, eight seals, and four porpoises. About seven years after, he made another feast for Edw. IV. who seized on all his estate, and sent him over a prisoner to *Calais* in France, where he was kept bound in extreme poverty.

An ancestor of the *Nevils* was named *Hugh*, who attended *Richard I.* into the Holy war, and was one of his great favourites. This *Hugh Nevil* slew a lion in the Holy Land, first driving an arrow into his breast, and then running him through with his sword. This verse was made upon him:

Viribus Hugonis, vires periere Leonis.

The strength of Hugh

A Lion slew.

He was buried about the year 1220, under a marble monument in the church of *Waltham-Abby* in *Essex*.

Amongst the Normans, who came into England with William the Conqueror, we find the name of *Nevil*, in a roll of *Battel Abby*.

After the account given of the felicity of the first *Earl of Westmoreland*, I shall entertain the reader, with a short history, not less extraordinary, of a Countess of *Shrewsbury*, a beautiful, wife, and most fortunate Lady, *Elisabeth*, daughter of *John Hardwick* of *Hardwick* in *Derbyshire*, Esq; by the death of her brother a co-heiress. Before she was fourteen years of age, she married *Robert Barley* in *Derbyshire*, Esq;

a young gentleman of a large estate, all which he settled upon her, on their marriage. By his death, she continued a widow twelve years, and then married *William Cavendish* of *Chatworth*, Esq; by whom she had, 1. *Henry*, who was possessed of considerable estates in *Derbyshire*, but settled at *Tutbury* in *Staffordshire*. 2. *William*, the first Earl of *Devonshire*. 3. *Charles*, who was settled at *Welbeck* in *Nottinghamshire*, father of *William Duke of Newcastle*; and three daughters, 1. *Frances*, who married *Sir Henry Pierpoint* of *Holm-Pierpoint* in *Nottinghamshire*, from whom the *Dukes of Kingston* are descended. 2. *Elisabeth*, who married *Charles Stuart Earl of Lenox*, younger brother to the father of *K. James I.* by whom she was the mother of that incomparable Lady, *Arabella*, so nearly related to the Crown, that she was sacrificed in the Tower. 3. *Mary*. After the death of *Sir William Cavendish*, which happened A. 1557, this Lady rejected many offers, and then married *Sir William St. Lowe*, Captain of the Guard to *Q. Elisabeth*, who had a large estate in *Gloucestershire*, which in the marriage-articles she took care should be settled on her, and her own heirs, in default of issue. And accordingly, having no child by him, she lived to enjoy his whole estate, excluding as well his brothers,

who were heirs-male, as his own female issue by a former Lady. In this third widowhood, the charms of her wit and beauty captivated the greatest subject in the kingdom, *George Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury*, whom she brought to terms of the highest honour and advantage to herself and her children. For he not only gave her a large jointure, but also consented to an union of their families, by taking *Mary* her youngest daughter, to be the wife of *Gilbert* his second son, and afterwards his heir, and also by giving the *Lady Grace*, his youngest daughter, to *Henry* her eldest son.

A. 1590, she was a fourth time left, and continued to her death a widow.

Here was a change of conditions that never fell before to any one woman. She was four times a happy wife. She rose by each husband, into greater wealth and honours. She had an unanimous issue by one husband only. All her six children, by her advice, were highly disposed of in marriage; and after all, she lived seventeen years a widow, in absolute power and abundance.

This Lady built three of the most elegant seats that ever were raised by one hand, in one county, *Chatsworth*, *Hardwick*, and *Oldcotes*. She was seventeen years keeper of *Mary Queen of Scots*. She died A. 1607, aged about four-

score and seven years, and was buried in *All-hallows church in Derby*, under a fair tomb, which she had erected in her own lifetime, and whereon a remarkable Latin epitaph was afterwards inscribed.

St. Austin, Magnus Opinator, a maintainer of strange doctrines, says, " *Successus humanæ felicitatis æternæ damnationis indicium est ;*" The success of human felicity is the sign of eternal damnation. With this opinion of the holy Father, the poor, the miserable, and the afflicted, will try to comfort themselves, when they survey the worldly prosperity of the great.

62. Habergeon. The diminutive of *Haubert*, (French) a little coat of mail.

72. Gifarings. *Halberts*. Derived from the French *Guisarme*, a kind of offensive long-handled, and long-headed weapon ; or as the Spanish *Visarma*, a staff that hath within it two long pikes, which with a shoot or thrust forward, come forth.

An ancient statute of William King of Scotland, " *de Venientibus ad Guerram,*" ch. 23. saith, " *Et qui minus habet quam quadraginta solidos terræ, habeat Gyfarum quod dicitur hand-bill, arcum et sagittam.*" And a statute of Edw. I. " *Et que miens a de quarante sols de terre, soit jure a Fauchions, Gifarmes, &c.*"

Every Knight

Two javelins, spears, or than *Gisarm* staves

Gav. Douglass.

Ducange, in his Glossary, renders this word by *securis*, and derives it from the *Gesum* of the Gauls.

75. Could take, an idiom or phrase for *took*. N.

79. In, for *into*. N.

80. Loons. *Rascals*. N.

83. Gascoign. Sir William Gascoign, chief Justice of the King's Bench, committed the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V. to prison, for insulting, and as it is said, for striking him on the Bench. See Shakespear, 2d Part of Hen. IV.

He died, Dec. 17. 1413, and lies buried in Harwood church in Yorkshire. His monument is still to be seen, on which is his effigy at length, in his Judge's robes, with his hood on, and a large purse fastened to his girdle on his left side, and a long dagger on the right, near which is represented one of his wives.

86. Road; i. e. inroad. The word *raid* is now used in Scotland in that sense.

121. Portals perhaps mean portcullices.

Cannon were at first made of iron bars, folded together, and encompassed with hoops. One of this kind, called *Mons-meg*, capable of holding within it two persons, was lately carried from Edinburgh-castle to London. They

were also made occasionally of leather, lined with plates of brass. Brass cannon were first founded by one Owen an Englishman. The cannon originally were very large ; the gun-powder in use at that time being weak. A French historian, who died about the year 1402, says, that they were fifty feet long. The size of them was greatly lessened, after the art of making strong gun-powder was found out.

There is in Norham an iron ball of sixty pound weight; which was dug out of the ground at Sandy-bank, probably left there by the English army, in their way from Barmoor wood to Twisel-bridge.

With regard to muskets ; Brantome says, that the Spanish foot-soldiers were the first who were armed with them, and that they were the best infantry in Europe.

Muskets were then called *hand-cannon*. The Duke of Orleans had many of them in his army, A. 1411. At the siege of Arras, A. 1414, the besieged killed a great number of men with leaden musket-shot. It is said that the first time that muskets were used in Britain was at the siege of Berwick, A. 1521.

125. Busked, *dress'd*. N.

127. Lave, *the rest ; croud*. N.

127. William, Archbishop of St. Andrew's,

was natural son of Ja. IV. by Margaret daughter of Archibald Boyd of Bonshaw, and born 1495. He was well-educated by his Father, who sent him abroad, attended with a travelling governor. Vid. Epist. Jac. IV.

He was a most accomplished youth, handsome, tall, and genteel, endued with excellent parts, great sweetness of temper, virtue, prudence, liberality. He was skilled in the civil law, Latin, Greek, and music. The elegant pen of Erasmus, who was one of his preceptors at Siena in Italy, has set his incomparable character in such an amiable light, that the reader will be pleased with the sight of it here.

Cæsus est una cum fortissimo patre filius, et filius eo patre dignissimus, Gulielmus Archiepiscopus, titulo Divi Andreæ, juvenis quidem viginti ferme natus annos, sed in quo nullum consummati viri laudem desiderares. Mira formæ gratia, mira dignitas, heroica proceritas, ingenium placidissimum quidem illud, sed tamen ad cognitionem omnium disciplinarum acerrimum. Nam mihi fuit cum eo quondam in urbe senensis domestica consuetudo, quo tempore a nobis in rhetorum præceptis, Græcanicisque literis exercebatur. Deum Immortalem! quam velox, quam felix, quam ad quodvis sequax ingenium, quam multa simul complecti poterat. Eodem tempore discebat jureconsultorum literas, nec

eas admodum gratas, ob admixtam barbariem, et odiosam interpretum verborum verborum. Audiebat dicendi præcepta, et præscripto themate declamabat, pariter et calamum exercens et linguam. Discebat Græce, et quotidie quod traditum fuerat, statim reddebat tempore. Horis pomeridianis, musicis operam dabat, monochordiis, tibiis, testudini. Modulabatur et voce nonnunquam. Ne ipsum quidem convivii tempus studiorum vacabat fructu. Sacrificus perpetuo salutarem aliquem librum recitabat, puta decreta pontificum, aut Divum Hieronymum aut Ambrosium. Nec unquam recitantis vox interrompebatur, nisi si quid alteruter doctorum, inter quos medius accumberebat, admonuisset, aut ipse parum assequens, quod legebatur, sciscitatus esset aliquid. Rursum a convivio fabulæ, sed breves, et hæc quoque literis conditæ. Proinde nulla omnino pars vacabat studio, nisi quæ rei Divinæ, somnoque daretur. Nam etiam si quid superfuisset temporis, quod tam variis studiorum vicibus non suppetebat, tamen si quid forte supererat, id Historicorum lectioni dabat. Nam hac cognitione præcipue capiebatur. His itaque rebus factum est, ut adolescentulus, vix dum decimum octavum egressus annum, tantum in omni literarum genere consecutus fuerit, quantum in quovis viro jure mireris. Nec illud in hoc usu venit, quod sæpe so-

let in aliis, ut ad literas felix, ad bonos mores minus esset appositus. Verecundi mores erant, sic tamen ut miram agnosceres prudentiam. Animus sublimis, et a sordidis istis affectibus procul semotus, sed ita, ut nihil adesset ferocitatis, nihil fastidii. Nihil non sentiebat, permulta dissimulabat, nec unquam ad iracundiam poterat incitari. Tanta erat naturæ lenitas, animique moderatio. Salibus impendio delectabatur, sed eruditis, ac minime dentatis. Hoc est non pigro Momi, sed candido mercurii sale tinctis. Si quid turbæ domi natum fuisset, inter famulos, mirum quanta dexteritate quantoque candore solitus sit componere. Denique religionis erat et pietatis plurimum, superstitionis nihil. In summa nemo fuit dignior qui ex Rege, et ex illo Rege nasceretur. Utinam autem in parentem pietas quam fuit admirabilis, tam fuisset et felix. Comitatus est in bellum, ne usquam patri deesset. Quæso quid tibi cum Mavorte, omnium poeticorum Deorum stupidissimo, qui musis, imo qui Christo eras initiatus? Quid isti formæ, quid isti ætati, quid naturæ tam miti, quid ingenio tam candido, cum taratantaris, bombardis et ferro? Denique quid erudito cum acie, quid Episcopo cum armis? Imposuit nimirum tibi immodica quædam in parentem pietas, dumque nimium fortiter amas patrem, infeliciter cum patre cæsus occubuisti.

Tot naturæ dotes, tot virtutes, tot eximias spes, unica pugnæ procella absorbuit. Periit et nostrarum rerum nonnihil. Nempe quod in erudiendo te sumpsimus operæ, quodque mea partum industria mihi in te vindico. At quantus felicitatis cumulus, nisi genius aliquis malus regem huc impulisset, ut regni sui limites egressus, in alienis agris cum ferocissima gente martem experiri vellet."

By a dispensation from the Pope, the King created him Archbishop of St. Andrew's, 1509, and he made him his Chancellor, 1511. He was also made the Pope's Legate a Latere.

It was not unusual, in ancient times, for the dignitaries of the church to attend their King in the wars. They were bound to do it by the Feudal law. They held the temporalities of their benefices of the King, as barons by the tenure of military service. It appears from many grants to the clergy, that, according to the establishment of the church of Scotland, the clerical and military character were not inconsistent.

Edward III. 1368, ordered all the clergy to take up arms.

131. Shored crosses, i. e. *propped*. Upon one of the Scotch flags is painted St. Andrew's Cross, with the faint standing behind it, sup-

porting the upper part of the cross with his hands.

Ibid. Trimon of Quhytehorn, read *Ninian of Quhytehorn*.

Many pilgrims resorted on the 16th day of September to the sepulchre of St. Ninian in the church of Whithorn.

The Queen of James III. undertook this pilgrimage, A. 1474. The following article is in the accounts of the Treasurer of Scotland.

Item, To Andro Balfour, 20th August 1474, for livery-gowns to six ladies of the Queen's chamber, at her passing to Quhytehorn, 21 ells of gray fra David Gill, price, L. 10:10:0 Scots.

The historian Hawthornden says, that James IV. upon his Queen being dangerously ill in childbed 1507, went a pilgrimage on foot to St. Ninian's at Whithorn in Galloway. In this journey he fell in love with Lady Jean Kennedy, a daughter of the Earl of Cassils; and he confined the Earl of Angus, for some time, to the island of Arran, for carrying her away. At Whithorn, which was a Bishop's see, there was a priory founded before the year 1126 by Fergus Lord of Galloway.

Ibid. Doffin Demigod, &c. read *Duthack*, Demigod of Ross. He was a Bishop, and Confessor, and lived at Tayne in Ross-shire. In the

old breviary of Aberdeen, there is an office and legend of this saint, which enumerates the miracles wrought by him; and mentions particularly that of his augmenting the quantity of victuals.

There is a church dedicated to him, to which there was a great resort of pilgrims on his feast-day, March 8. often spoken of by the Scotch historians.

A. 1507. K. James made many progresses through Scotland; holding courts, redressing grievances, punishing offenders; so that the country became so peaceable, that he ventured to ride, without any attendant, 130 miles August 30, in one day, from Stirling, by Perth, and Aberdeen to Elgin, where he lay all night, without going to bed, upon a bare table, at the house of Thomas Lesly, parson of Elgin. He rose early the next morning, and rode forty miles to St. Duthack's in Ross, and was there time enough to hear mass, and receive the sacrament, and to visit the Saint's shrine. August 31st, according to Holinshed, was that Saint's festival-day. In the Edinburgh Almanack, March the 8th, is St. Duthack's feast; but possibly, like St. Cuthbert, he might have had two feasts in the year. As the reader will not think this a matter of great consequence, we will enquire no farther about it.

This King made other pilgrimages to holy places, if not alone, at least on foot.

132. William Bunch, Abbot of Kilwinning.
Lawrence Oliphant, Abbot of Incheffray.

The reader will observe, in abundance of places, how industriously the Poet brings into his verses words, which begin with the same letter, and here in this Stanza, the frequent recurrence of the letter B.

It is not easy to find out, nor is it worth while to inquire, at what time alliterative verses were first used. The Germans or Goths do not seem entitled to the honour of inventing them. Camerarius cites the following very old verse,

Fraxinu' fixa ferox infesta infunditur ossis,

We read in Plautus,

Optumo optume optumam operam das.

Amphit.

Nemo solus fatis sapit.

Mil. Glor.

Optatianus Porphyrius wrote an epistle to the Emperor Constantine in alliterative metre, A. D. 326, which several poets of the middle age imitated.

These alliterations fell into disuse in England, in the 16th century, so that we may reasonably

conclude that this poem was not written later than the reign of Q. Elizabeth, Vid. Stanza. 3.

See Dr. Percy's learned Essay on Alliterative Metre, Rel. of Ant. Eng. Poetry, Vol. II. p. 268,

If we consider the very great difficulty of writing in this kind of metre, and at the same time in alternate rhyme, we shall find more harmony, and fewer improper, and unmeaning words, in this Poem than we could have expected.

We are told, that before Waller's time, men rhimed indeed, and that was all; that their poetry was made up of monosyllables, that it was downright prose, tagged with rhimes; that the verses ran all into one another, and hung together, like the hooked atoms of Des Cartes, having no distinction of parts, no regular stops, nothing for the ear to rest upon; and that, if we are somewhat dubious in this matter, we may read Dr. Donne, who will fully convince us of the truth of this assertion, We may easily grant that his lines are harsh, and untuneable,

— a kind of hobbling prose,

That limps along, and tinkles in the close.

Dryden.

But it is certainly ascribing too much to Waller,

to say, that he removed all these faults, that he was the father of English verse, that he was the first that shewed us that our tongue had beauty, and numbers in it. For a great many copies of verses might be produced written before Donne's time, little, if at all inferior in smoothness, to those which were made by Waller. Waller himself owned, that he was indebted, for the harmony of his numbers, to Fairfax, who lived in the time of Q. Elizabeth, to whom he dedicated his translation of Tasso.

I shall here divert the reader with a little poem, printed about 200 years ago, by one Gifford, a servant to Edward Cope of Edon, Esq; the measure, and rhimes of which are so smooth and musical, that they may be very well tolerated by modern ears.

Sometime in France a woman dwelt,
 Whose husband being dead,
 Within a yeere, or somewhat more,
 An other did her wed.

This good wife had of wealth great store,
 Yet was her wit but thin :
 To shew what hadde to her befell,
 My muse doth now begin.

It chaunced, that a scholler poore,
 Attirde in course aray,
 To see his friends, that dwelt farre thence
 From Paris tooke his way.

The garments were all rent and torne,
 Wherwith this wight was clad;
 And in his purse, to serve his neede,
 Not one deneere he had.

He was constrainde to crave the alms
 Of those, which oft would give,
 His needy and his poore estate
 With something to relieve.

This scholler, on a frostie morn,
 By chaunce came to the doore
 Of this old filly woman's house,
 Of whome wee spake before.

The husband then was not at home;
 Hee craveth of the dame,
 Who had him in, and gave him meate,
 And askt from whence hee came.

I came, quoth hee, from Paris' towne;
 From Paradise, quoth she;

30 N O T E S.

Men call that Paradise, the place,
Where all good soules shal bee.

Cham zure my vurst goodman is dere,
Which died this other yeere ;
Should geve my friend a good gray groate,
Some news of him to heare.

Hee saw, she did mistake his wordes,
And thought to make some glee,
And said, your husband is in health,
I lately did him see.

Now, by my troth, quoth shee, cham glad ;
Good scholler, doe declare,
Was not hee wroth, because I sent
Him from this world so bare.

In deede, quoth he, he was displeas'd,
And thought it farre unmeete,
You having all, to send him hence
With nothing but a sheete.

Quoth shee, good scholler, let me know
When thou returnst agayne.
He answerd, Dame, I will be there
Within this weeke, or twayne.

Shée sayde, my friend, if that Iche durst
Presume to be so bolde,
Should pray thee carrie him some clothes
To keepe him from the colde.

He said, he woulde. With all poste haste
Into the towne shée hies;
Hat, doublet, shert, coate, hose, and shoes
Shée there for husband buyes.

She praying him, in earnest sorte,
Them safely to convey,
Did geve him money in his purse:
And so he went his way.

Not halfe of halfe an howre was past,
Ere husband hers was come.
What newes shée heard from Paradise
Shée told him all and some.

And farther, did to him declare,
What tokens she had sent:
Whereat her husband waxed wroth
And wondrous ill content;

He calde her fotte, and doating foole;
And after him doth ride.

The scholler was within a hedge,
And him asfarre espide.

He was afrayde, and downe doth fling
His fardell in a dike.

The man came neere, and askt him newes
Of one whom he did seeke,

That bare a fardell at his backe ;

The scholler musde a while,

Then answearing said, such one I saw
Passe over yonder stile.

With hasty speede he down alightes,

And doth the scholler pray,

Till he the man had overtane,

So long the horse to stay.

Untill he passed out of sight,

Full still the scholler bides ;

Who taking then his fardell on

His horse, away he rides.

When he returnd, and saw himselfe

By scholler flouted so,

Yourselfes may judge, what cheere he made

If he were wroth or no,

He fware, I think, an hundred oathes,
 At length *per mundum* toots,
 For that he had no shoes to weare
 He marcht home in his bootes.

His wife did meete him at the doore,
 Hayee cought man? quoth shee;
 No, Dame, he sayde, he caught my horfe,
 The Diuel take him and thee.

With that shee laught, and clapt her hands,
 And sayde, cham glad, ich fweare;
 For now he hath a horfe to ride,
 He will be quickly there.

When that her husband well had wayde,
 That remedy there was none,
 He takes his fortune in good parte
 And makes no farther mone.

Now whether that this honest wife,
 Did love her first good man,
 To such as shall peruse this tale
 The case I leave to scan.

132. Beagle rods. Should be *Bugle rods*, viz. the
 crofiers or pastoral staves of Bishops, the heads of
 which are crooked like bugle or hunting horns.

144. Piles. In Lancashire, there is an old fort called, The Pile of Fouldery. Peel, as it is called in Scotland, is a small castle, *Bastillon*, or *Bastle*; in French, Bicoque, which Cotgrave calls a little paltry town, hold, or fort, not strong enough to hold out a siege, nor so weak as to be given up for words.

Thus John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, who lived A. 1329, in his life and acts of Rob. Bruce,

And at Lithgow was then a Peel,
Meikle, and stark, and stuffed weel.

A small ruin, near Hawick, is now called *Alan haugh Peel*, and one at Fouldon-mill is called the *Bastle*.

A. 1482, above thirty towns, with their *Bastiles* were destroyed upon the Scotch border. Hall.

145. It is apparent from history, that the wars between the English and Scotch were carried on with equal cruelty on both sides, so that they have no room to reproach each other on this subject.

General invectives, thrown out upon a whole nation, are odious, and mean. They never served any good purpose. Though they are for the most part false, yet they produce mischief.

vous effects: For the ignorant, who make the bulk of a people, believing every thing that they read in print, are deceived by them, and excited unjustly to hate and injure those with whom their own safety, interest, and ease, require that they should live in friendship and peace.

It is true, that men of sense despise those undistinguishing scurrilities, and consider them as empty declamation, and always have a bad opinion of the honesty, capacity, or fidelity of a writer, who allows himself such rancorous liberties.

147. A. D. 1121, Ralph Flamberg, Bishop of Durham, built Norham-castle on the top of a steep rock, and moated it round. He finished also the present cathedral-church of Durham, which was begun by his predecessor William de Sancto Carilepho, A. 1080, who died A. 1097. Flamberg also built Framwelgate-bridge in Durham. He sate 29 years, and died A. 1128.

The Keep or Tower of Norham was destroyed by the Scots, and afterwards rebuilt by *Hugh Pudsey*, by the command of his cousin K. Stephen. He was Bishop 42 years, and died A. 1195.

King Richard I. purposing to make an expedition into the Holy Land, raised money in all parts of his kingdom. Amongst other things,

he sold to Hugh Pudsey the Earldom of Northumberland, merrily laughing when he invested him, and saying, "Am not I cunning and my craft/master that can make a young Earl of an old Bishop?" But this Prelate was fit to be an Earl, for the world, as one of that age said of him, was not *crucifixus* to him, but *infixus* in him. Lib. Dunelm.

What the state of the castle was, in Q. Elizabeth's time, we learn from *Camden*, who says, "In the utmost wall, and largest in circuit of the castle, are placed several turrets, on a canton, towards the river Tweed, within which there is a second inclosure, much stronger than the former, and in the middle of that again, rises a high Keep or Tower. Under the castle, on a level westward lies the town of *Norham*, anciently called by the Saxons *Ubban-ford*, the upper ford, belonging to the Bishop of Durham. When the Danes had miserably wasted the Holy Island, wherein St. Cuthbert lay buried, some endeavoured to convey his body beyond sea, but the winds standing contrary, they with all due reverence deposited the sacred body at *Ubban-ford* near the river Tweed; where it lay for many years, till the coming of K. Ethelred. Vid. William de Malmesbury de Gest. Pontif. Lib. 1. This and other matters were taught me

by *George Carlton*, born at this place, son to the keeper of *Norham-castle*. The old people told us that at *Killey*, (*Kylo*) a little neighbouring village below *Norham*, were found, within the memory of our grandfathers, the studs of a knight's belt, and the hilt of a sword of massy gold, which were presented to *Thomas Ruthal*, Bishop of *Durham* " *Camden's Britannia*.

G. Carleton was maintained at school, and at *Oxford*, by *Bern. Gilpin*, Rector of *Houghton* near *Durham*, styled the *Northern Apostle*, whose life he wrote with this title. *Vita Bernardi Gilpini, viri sanctissimi, famaue apud Anglos Aquilonares celeberrimi*.

Carleton died Bishop of *Chichester*, A. 1628, aged 69 years.

Mr. Gilpin, by his œconomy, lived in such a charitable, and hospitable manner, that it was the admiration of the whole country, how he was able to expend so much money as he did, from a living of the value of L. 400 a-year. He consumed in his family every fortnight, forty bushels of corn, twenty bushels of malt, and a whole ox, besides a proportionable quantity of other kinds of provision. It was said, at that time, that if a horse was turned loose in any part of the country, it would immediately make its way to *Mr. Gilpin*. It hath been re-

marked, that his example hath extended its influence upon the *Rectors of Houghton*, and that few parishes can boast such a succession of worthy pastors, as have been there since the death of Mr. Gilpin. This observation is verified unto this day. Hospitality and beneficence still continue to reside in the house of the present worthy Rector.

Egred of noble birth, was consecrated Bishop of Holy Island, A. 831. He dedicated the Church of Norham to the saints, Peter, Cuthbert, and Ceolwolph, which he built, together with the town, and gave them both to the see of Holy Island. He gave to it also the town of Jedburgh in Tiviotdale, with its appendages, and the church and town of Gainforth, and whatever belonged to it from the R. Teise to the R. Weor. These two towns and church the Bishop built. Symeon Dunelmensis.

King *Ceolwolph*, to whom Bede dedicated his Ecclesiastical History, was a learned man. He was descended from *Ida*, the first King of Northumberland. The former part of his reign was very troublesome. Afterwards, in time of peace, many Northumbrian nobles, and private men with their K. Ceolwolph, turned monks. In the tenth year of his reign, A. 738. He quitted his crown for a cowl, and entered the monastery of the Holy Island, whither he carried

his treasure, leaving his kingdom to Eadbert his uncle's son. He endowed the monastery with the towns of Braynshaugh, Warkworth, and the church which he built there, and also four other villages *Wudecestre*, Whittingham, Edlingham and Eglingham, with their appendages. After a long life he was buried in the monastery. The above-mentioned Bishop *Egred* took up his body, and deposited it in the church of *Norham*. His head was afterwards carried to the Abby of Durham. Symeon Dunelmensis. Hoveden.

The monks of the cell of *Norham* in the following age, called in the country to make their offerings at the shrine of their royal brother, who always performed some mighty miracle on his feast-day, to the great astonishment, and edification of his numerous worshippers.

Out of the foundation of this cell, belonging to Holy Island, I dug a stone on which were cut the effigies of the three patrons of *Norham church*, *S. Peter with his keys*, *S. Cuthbert*, and *S. Ceolwulph, with a sceptre in his hand*. Each of these Saints hath his head covered with a monk's cowl or hood.

Cells were houses that belonged to all great abbeyes, or monasteries. Sometimes they were

so far distant from one another, that the mother abby was in England, and the child-cell beyond the seas, and so reciprocally. Some of these were richly endowed, as that of Wyndham in Norfolk, which was annexed to St. Alban's, and was able at the dissolution to expend of its own revenues, L. 72 per. annum. Into these cells, the monks of the abbies sent colonies, when they were too much crowded, or when they were afraid of an infectious disease at home.

Aidan the founder of the monastery of *Lindisfarne* or *Holy Island*, confined the monks to drink only milk and water. But the royal monk *Ceolwolph*, finding his abode somewhat cool, in an island, unsheltered by either tree or bush, from the nipping sea-blasts, permitted his brethren, as *Hoveden* says, to drink both wine and ale.

This local privilege, granted at first for reasons irresistible, began now to extend itself to all the English monasteries. Luxury kept pace with their increasing wealth. In length of time, they became possessed of a third part of the lands of England, when Pride, Magnificence, and Licentiousness, with all their train, entered their sacred walls, and hastened their dissolution, which was effected A. 1534, by

Henry VIII. of whom I shall communicate to you the following true story :

When this King was hunting in *Windsor Forest* one day, he lost himself, probably on purpose ; upon which he struck down, about dinner-time, to *Reading*, where he disguised himself in the habit of a yeoman of the King's guard ; for one of whom, by his stature and figure he might very well pass. He went to the Abby, and was invited to dine at the *Abbot's* table. A Sir Loin of beef was set before him, so knighted, faith tradition, by this King Henry ; on which his Majesty laid on lustily, not disgracing the coat of a King's beef-eater, for whom he was taken. Well fare thy heart, quoth the Abbot, and here, in a cup of sack, I remember the health of his Grace your master ; I would give an hundred pounds, upon the condition that I could feed so heartily on beef as you do. Alas ! my weak and squeamish stomach will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit, or chicken. The King merrily pledged him, and heartily thanking him for his good cheer, after dinner, departed, undiscovered.

Some weeks after, the Abbot was sent for by a King's messenger, brought up to London, clapped into the Tower, kept close prisoner, and fed for several days with bread and water.

The Abbot's mind was sorely disquieted with thoughts and suspicions, how he might have incurred the King's displeasure. At last the day came, on which a Sir Loin of beef was set before him, on which the Abbot fed, like the farmer of his grange, and verified the proverb, that two hungry meals make the third a glutton. In bolts K. Henry, out of a private lobby, where he had placed himself, the invisible spectator of the Abbot's behaviour. My Lord, quoth the King, lay down immediately your hundred pounds in gold, or else there shall be no going hence for you all the days of your life. I have been your physician. I have cured you of your squeamish stomach, and here, as I deserve, I demand my reward for the same.

The Abbot, glad to escape so, deposited the cash, and returned to Reading, murmuring at the severity of the Doctor's regimen, and the exorbitance of his fees.

The monasteries, at that time, had a prodigious number of very valuable manuscripts. It was said, that there were more in England than in any country in the world of its bigness. When the Abbies were sold by Hen. VIII. the purchasers of them destroyed and wasted them all. Many an old MS. Bible was cut in pieces to cover pamphlets. The following is the lamen-

ration and complaint of *John Bale* to K. Edward VI. A. 1549.

“ A number of those persons, who bought the monasteries, reserved of the library-books thereof, some to serve their jakes; some to scour their candlesticks, and some to rub their boots; some they sold to the grocers, and soap-sellers, and some they sent over sea to the book-binders, not in small numbers, but at times whole ships full. Even the universities of this realm were not all clear in this detestable fact. I know a merchant-man, that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings price. The stuff thereof he hath occupied, instead of gray paper, by the space of more than these ten years; and yet he hath store enough for as many years to come. Our posterity may well curse this wicked fact of our age, this unreasonable spoil of England's most noble antiquities.”

I have heard, that the fine collection of manuscripts, belonging to the cathedral church of Durham, was saved by being concealed within one of the pillars of the church.

Dr. Dee presented a supplication, now in the Cotton library, to Queen Mary, A. 1556, for the recovery and preservation of ancient writers, and monuments: but there was no attention given to it. However, we learn from it, that

Tully's work *De Republica*, was once extant in this kingdom, and perished at Canterbury.

Cardinal Pole told Ascham, that he had been informed, that this work of Cicero was in Poland, and that he had sent a man on purpose thither, at the expence of a thousand golden crowns, about L. 900 Sterling, in search of it, but to no purpose: Ascham. Epist.

These six books *de Republica* were much esteemed at Rome. Cælius, in a letter to Cicero, says, *Tui politici libri omnibus vigent.*

The following extract, from the second book, will make an Englishman regret the loss of this treatise, the most valuable of all Cicero's works. *Statuo esse optime constitutam rempublicam, quæ ex tribus generibus illis, regali, optimo, et populari confusa modica, nec puniendo irritat animum immanem ac ferum, nec omnia præmittendo, licentia, cives deteriores reddat.*

I determine that to be the best constituted state, the government of which is vested, with a moderate proportion of power allotted to a king, nobles, and commons; which doth neither exasperate and harden the desperate and cruel mind by the severity of punishment, nor make the subjects licentious and vicious, by negligently overlooking all kind of offences. About the time that Henry suppressed the monasteries, he

ordered a valuation to be taken of the bishoprick of Durham. Vid. Appendix, No. I.

But it escaped the hands of the courtiers till the year 1552. 6 Edw. VI. when it was dissolved by act of parliament, and given to the crown, in order to be bestowed upon Dudley Duke of Northumberland. It was well for this See, that the lands of it were not dispersed by sale; otherwise they would have been irrecoverable. Two years after this, Q. Mary restored Tunstal to his bishoprick, who had been in prison, and deprived for his obstinacy by Edw. VI. and also restored to him the temporalities thereof.

Durham house in Westminster in St. Martin's parish was demised, Ap. 24. 5 Edw. VI. to the Lady Elisabeth. Q. Elisabeth possessed it during her life. There was a reversion granted of it, A. 4. of Q. Mary to Cuthbert Tunstal Bishop of Durham and his successors. Teste Aug. 20. By virtue of this grant, it was recovered to the bishoprick again in K. James the First's time, and was by Bishop Cousins granted on a building lease, with a reservation of L. 200 per annum, which outrent the Bishop of Durham now receives.

One chief end, proposed in this work, was to divert my mind, oppressed with the severe weight

of a recent, complicated affliction, the death of an only son, and of an amiable and most affectionate wife. Her sincere, mild, and charitable disposition, endeared her to her friends, and the poor. The fortitude, with which she underwent a most excruciating excision of a tumour in her breast, attended with a large effusion of blood, was the admiration of all who knew her. The loss of her son, whilst a slow and painful illness consumed her, she supported with no less resolution. Unconcerned for her own condition, yet, at times, affected with the sense of the tender connections, from which she found herself going to be torn away in the strength of her years, she beheld the near approaches of death, with intrepidity, and cheerfulness, which proceeded from the consciousness of her blameless life, and the settled hope of a happy immortality.

The humane reader will easily pardon me this insertion of a short character of an excellent woman, at a time, when his ears must needs be wounded with the abundant ungenerous invectives, indiscriminately thrown upon the fair sex, occasioned by the offences of a few married women: The most of whom, perhaps, may have been chained to the objects of their aversion, or

driven to desperate temerity by the tyranny or vices of their husbands.

Soltrata, in the Mother-in-law of Terence, translated from the Greek comic poet Apollodorus, thus complains :

Ædepol nœ nos sumus mulieres inique æque
omnes invisæ viris
Propter paucas ; quæ, omnes faciunt, dignæ ut
videamur malo.

In good faith we poor wives have got a very ill name with our husbands, because of a few bad creatures, that make the world judge hardly of us'all. Echard.

Upon this passage, Madam Dacier, to display her reading, hath written the following empty note.

“ Apollodorus took this sentiment from Homer, who makes the ghost of Agamemnon, who was murdered by his wife, say, that one wicked woman causes reproaches and disgrace to be thrown upon all women, even upon those who are the most virtuous and prudent.” Are all our opinions and common sense derived from the writings of the learned ? Hath not the malignity, even of the ignorant vulgar, in every age, aspersed the whole fair sex, all professions

and bodies of men? Pascal had the boldness to tell the world, "that the Roman Catholicks have saints of every vocation, except of that of the law, of which not one ever existed."

This assertion, we of this country can by no means credit. We happily behold, every day, as great a croud of saints amongst our lawyers and attornies, as are to be found amongst our physicians, priests, farmers, or in any other tribe of men.

Another motive of my various digressions from the proper subjects of these annotations is, the supposition, that they will please and amuse the reader, I shall therefore now proceed in my way without any farther apology.

In Q. Elizabeth's reign, the church suffered great injuries, principally caused, by the strict attention of many avaricious bishops to the world.

Fletcher, father of the famous dramatic poet, obtained A. 1589. the bishoprick of Bristol. He gave such exorbitant leases of the lands of it, that he left little to his successors, insomuch that, after his removal thence, it lay vacant ten years.

He was a favourite of the Queen. She once found fault with him for cutting his beard too short: whereas, good lady, she would have

reproached him severely for cutting his bishoprick so short, if she had known it. He was Bishop of London in 1594, soon after which being a widower, he married a very handsome woman, the Lady Baker of Kent. Q. Elizabeth, possessed of high ideas of the virtue of celibacy, abhorred the marriages of the clergy. She was so angry at this second marriage of the Bishop, that she forbade him to come into her presence, and made Archbishop Whitgift suspend him. He was afterwards restored to his bishoprick, and to some degree of the Queen's favour; nevertheless this disgrace was said to have so affected him, that it hastened his death. He died suddenly in his chair, 1596, being to all appearance well, sick, and dead in a quarter of an hour. Camden, in his *Annals of Q. Elizabeth*, imputes his death to the supposed poisonous qualities of tobacco, of which he was an immoderate taker. *Brief view of the Church.*

A. 1584. *Godwyn*, Bishop of Bath and Wells, infirm, broken with the gout, unable to stand, about seventy years old, married a third wife, a widow. One of the voracious courtiers, a knight, coveting the manor of *Banwell*, belonging to the Bishop, informed the Queen of his marriage, and begged a lease of it for an hundred years.

The Bishop held out long against many sharp messages from the Queen. Sir John Harrison of Kelston, near Bath, who wrote a character of this Bishop, carried one from the Earl of Leicestershire, who seemed to favour the Bishop, and dislike the Knight: but they were soon agreed, says Sir John, like Pilate and Herod, to condemn Christ. Never was harmless man so traduced to his Sovereign. It was said, that he had married a girl of twenty years of age, with a great portion, that he had conveyed half the bishoprick to her, that he was gouty, and could not stand to his marriage; with such like scoffs, to make him ridiculous, and odious to the Queen.

The Earl of Bedford, being present when these tales were told to Q. Elizabeth, said to her, Madam, I know not how much the woman is above twenty, but this I know, that her son is near forty. This rather marred than mended the matter; for one replied, *Majus peccatum habet*, He hath therefore the greater sin. Another said, There were three sorts of marriages; 1st, Of God's making, as of Adam and Eve; when two young folks were coupled. The second of man's making; when one was old, and the other young, as Joseph's marriage. The third of the devil's making; when two

old folks were married, not for comfort, but for covetousness, and such they said was this.

The conclusion of the whole was, that the poor old decayed prelate, to pacify his persecutors, was fain, to save Banwell, to part with Willcomb, one of his best manors, for ninety-nine years, and thus he purchased his peace.

The son of this Dr. Godwyn was Bishop of Hereford. Notwithstanding the liberties which he hath taken with the characters of other Bishops, in his excellent book *De Præsulibus Angliæ*, he was himself a great Simonist. He omitted no opportunity in disposing of his preferments, in order to enrich his children. Bishop Gibson says, his selling the chancellorship of Landaff was made a law-precedent. In short, it was reported, that nothing fell in his gift, but he sold in the favour of some one of his sons or daughters. This practice had been so notorious, in Q. Elizabeth's reign, that it was one great cause of her hatred of the marriages of Bishops, and of their solicitude to raise families by the revenues of the church. No doubt this also prompted her to force the Bishops to give her long leases of their episcopal lands, and to exchange their valuable manors for estates of much inferior value. As Mr. Collier says, they parted with precious metal,

for base: Like Glaucus, in Homer, who gave to Diomedes a suit of armour of gold, for one of brass.

A. 1559, in the first year of Q. Elizabeth, an act of parliament was made, which restrained the Bishops from granting leases of their lands, unless for 21 years, or three lives, to any other than to the Queen and her successors, reserving the old rents.

The exception to the Queen was very disadvantageous to the church; but not so to the courtiers who abused her favour, nor to the covetous bishops.

This was expunged in the beginning of the reign of James I. in whose time many excellent acts passed the house of Parliament; in one of them is a clause which enacts that all assurances of Bishops lands to the Crown shall be void. This happily saved the church from depredation.

It was not possible, whilst the court of Q. Elizabeth was so beset with ravenous harpies, that the rich see of Durham should continue unspoiled throughout her reign. Accordingly we find from the records of the patent-office, that the easy timorous Bishop *Barnes* granted most extravagant leases to the Queen of almost all the

manors and estates belonging to the Bishoprick.
Vid. Appendix, No. II.

156. The King, by the advice of this traitor, descended from *Ladykirk Bank* into the flat ground, near the Tweed, now called the *Gin-Haugh*, whence, with his cannon, he threw down the north-east corner of the castle-wall, a large fragment of which now lies by the side of the river. Bishop *Tunstall* in Q. Elizabeth's time rebuilt the wall; this is now very distinguishable from the old work.

164. Fee, *wages*; a common word in Scotland. *What fee do you get?* Vulg.

166. A field, near the castle, in which this traitor was hanged, is now called the *Hangman's Land*. This fact is not mentioned by the historians. By the account of it in the poem, we shall more readily understand the following epigram of Sir Thomas More, Lord High Chancellor in the time of Hen. VIII.

In Regem Scotiæ, qui arcem Norhamam proditam sibi, tamen oppugnavit, dissimulans proditam esse.

Scote quid oppugnas Norhamam viribus Arcem

Ante tibi falsa prodicione datam?

Artibus ergo malis captâ fuit Arce voluptas

Magna tibi forsan, sed brevis illa fuit

Teque tuisque malâ, meritâ sed, morte peremptis,

Arx intra est paucos, capta, recepta, dies.

Proditor inque tuo peteret cum præmia regno

Mors sceleri est merces reddita digna suo.

Proditor ut pereat pereat cui proditor hostis

Invieta in fatis arx habet ista fuis.

I take this to be the meaning of these two last verses, which are the most difficult.

It was fated to this invincible castle, that the betrayer of it should perish, and likewise the enemy, by whom this traitor was executed.

There is a tradition here, that the King was told where the castle-wall was weakest, by a letter fixed to an arrow, shot over the Tweed, into his camp.

171. *St. Cuthbert*, according to the monkish writers, was born of royal blood in Ireland; but others say, probably with more truth, in the north of England. He was nominated the sixth Bishop of Holy Island by *King Egfrid*. Overcome by many prayers and entreaties, he quitted his hermitical life in a desert island, called *Farne*, situated in the German ocean, nine miles from Holy Island.

In this island breeds a species of a large kind of brown fowl, called *St. Cuthbert's ducks*, nowhere else to be found in Great Britain. The feathers of them are very soft, and of great va-

lue. As soon as the young ducks are hatched, they run, with the old ones, into the sea, and never return back again; but whither they go is not known.

St. Cuthbert was consecrated at York, on Easter Sunday A. 684, by Theodore Archbishop of Canterbury, in the presence of K. Egfrid, many nobles, and six bishops. He sat two years, when, growing weary of his Bishoprick, he resigned it, and returned to his hermitage at the Farne-Island, where soon after he died, on the 20th day of March, A. 686.

It hath been mentioned above, that S. Cuthbert was deposited at *Norham*. Whether he at last disliked his damp situation, for he was buried near a well, which now bears his name; or, whether being only seven miles from the sea, he began to fear another visit from his old foes the *Danes*, is not at present known: but this is certain, that he ordered his monks to carry him twenty miles up the Tweed, to *Melrofs* in Scotland. In process of time he quarrelled with this place also; upon which, by his direction, they put him into a *stone-boat*, in which he sailed down the Tweed, to *Tilmouth*, where he landed. We cannot find, after the most diligent enquiry, how long he abode there.

Not many years since, a farmer of *Cornhill*

coveted the saint's stone boat, in order to keep pickled beef in it. Before this profane loon could convey it away, the saint came in the night-time, and broke it in pieces, which now lie at *St. Cuthbert's chapel*, to please the curious, and confute the unbeliever.

The unlearned reader will readily believe the possibility of this fact, and the undermentioned classic authors will remove all scruples relating to it, from the learned one. *Juvenal*, sat. 15. says, that the *Egyptians* navigated the river Nile, in painted earthen pots: *Pliny*, *Diodorus Siculus*, and *Strabo* say, that the inhabitants of the *Isles of the Red Sea*, used *Tortoise-shells* for boats. These were not more proper for the purpose of sailing than the saint's stone-boat. Old *Charon*, who, as some tell us, was an *Ægyptian* ferryman, being much employed, found it necessary for him to make his boat of leather; and such, according to *Lucan*, were the boats of the old *Britons*; and it is said, that even to this day, these leathern boats are used upon the river *Severn*, and in some other places in Britain.

To proceed with *St. Cuthbert*. In short, he unreasonably oppressed the shoulders of the poor monks, who carried him thereon, from *Til-mouth* into *Yorkshire*, then to *Chester*, and thence

to *Durham*, where, charmed with the exceedingly delightful situation thereof, he slept in peace, for many years.

Aldwin the 23d Bishop of H. Island, and the first of *Durham*, erected a stone structure there, with the help of *Uthred* Earl of Northumberland, and of all the dwellers between the rivers *Coquet* and *Tees*, who were paid for their work, with the promises of immense rewards in another world. After their three years incessant labour, the generous monks gave them St. Cuthbert's word for the payment of their heavenly wages, with which undeniable security they departed, well contented.

Aldwin's church was dedicated September 4. A. 999. and the corps of the saint placed therein, 312 years after its first interment in Holy Island.

A hundred and five years after this sepulture, the body of S. Cuthbert was carried round the present cathedral-church in a procession of monks, with a numerous train of attendants, and then deposited therein, in a fine sepulchre. Sep. 4. A. 1104, in the time of Ralph Flamberg, who preached a sermon upon this occasion.

The feast of this *translation* of St. Cuthbert's body, is celebrated, every year, in the county of

Durham; and particularly, with great reverence, by the inhabitants of Norham, on the first Sunday and Monday after the 4th day of September O. S.

The monks frequently exhibited the body of this saint, uncorrupted, fragrant, and flexible, to the comfort of many spectators of high and low rank. In this state of incorruption it remains to this day.

At the dissolution of the convents, the monks buried him in a private place of the Abbey-church, which none but three men know. When one of these is upon his death-bed, he imparts this invaluable secret to another faithful person,

Fabellam, moriens, illi dat habere tacendam.

It being a very important affair to those who expect that a day will come, when the adoration of this holy man will be revived.

I have heard from a Roman Catholick, that the saint's grave is in the church, not far from the clock.

Some few years before the reformation, a *French Bishop*, returning out of Scotland, came to the shrine of St. Cuthbert, where kneeling down, after his devotions, he offered a *barabee*, a Scotch half-penny, saying, Sancte Cuthberte, si

sanctus sis, ora pro me. St. Cuthbert, if thou art a faint, pray for me. But afterwards, being brought to the tomb of *Bede*, he likewise said his prayers, offering there a *French Crown*, with this alteration, *Sancte Bede, quia Sanctus es, ora pro me.* Saint Bede, because thou art a faint, pray for me.

Soon after the battle of *Nevil's Cross*, A. 1346. *John Fosse*, prior of Durham, made a new banner, and consecrated it to *St. Cuthbert*. The staff of it was five yards long, covered with pipes, surmounted with a cross, under which was a rod, as thick as a man's finger, fastened by the middle to the staff. At each end of which, was a wrought knob, and a little bell. All these, except the staff, were of silver. The banner-cloth of red velvet, fastened to the rod, was a yard broad, and one yard and a quarter deep: The bottom of it was indented in five parts; on both sides, it was embroidered, and wrought with flowers of green silk and gold. In the midst of it was a square half-yard of white velvet; whereon was a cross of red velvet, on both sides of the cloth. In it was inclosed that holy relique, the corporax cloth, wherewith *S. Cuthbert* covered the chalice, when he said mass. The banner-cloth was skirted with a

fringe of red silk and gold ; and at the bottom of it hung three silver bells.

We would be blame-worthy, if we should censure this Prior for his expensive furniture of this banner ; for history tells us, that of all the wares in which the monks traded, none yielded greater profit to them, than *banners*. The saints, to whom they were consecrated, delighting in their finery, defended them, and bestowed victory, upon the host in which they shone. The convents, to which they belonged, were, of course, magnificently rewarded, by the gratitude of the conquerors.

About 700 years ago, *Edgar* Prince of Scotland, in his way thither, dreamt at Durham, that *St. Guthbert* appearing to him, bade him take courage, and assured him, that if he carried his banner along with him, his enemies should fly before him, and he should sit upon the throne of his ancestors. Accordingly, the next morning he obtained from the monastery the Saint's banner. In the mean time, *K. Donald* raised a huge army. As soon as the King's soldiers discovered the Holy Banner, glittering on the side of the Prince, they deserted. The King fled, was taken by the country-people, and brought to the Prince, who put him into a prison, in which he died of grief. The Prince ascribed

his victory to the Saint's banner : and as he could not do any less, he made a present of the manor of *Coldingham*, with its appendages, to the servants of the Saint, the monks of Durham, and to *Ranulph* Bishop thereof, he gave the town of *Berwick*.

Richard de Lucy, and his associate *Humphry de Bohun*, took, along with them, the banner of *King Edmund* the Martyr, by whose assistance they overthrew the *Earl of Leicester's* army, near *Bury*. Hen. II. the ensuing year, went a pilgrimage to *Bury*, and at the shrine of *St. Edmund*, made an acknowledgment of his protection, and decent returns to the abbot and monks of the convent.

The banners of *St. Cuthbert*, *K. James*, and of many Scotch noblemen, were brought from *Floddon*, and set up in the feretory of *St. Cuthbert*, in the cathedral of Durham, in which they remained till the abby was suppressed by *K. Henry*, when it, together with the exceedingly rich shrine of the Saint, was plundered of its furniture, gold and jewels. The visitors found one stone there, of a sufficient value to redeem a Prince.

K. Rich. I. gave to *St. Cuthbert* his parliament robe of blue velvet, embroidered with golden lions. Many other rich copes were also

bestowed upon him, of which several remain at this time in the cathedral.

Catharine, a French woman, the wife of *Whittingham* Dean of Durham, who died 1579, burnt the fine banner of *St. Cuthbert*. She also carried out of the *Century Garth* the blue marble stones, which covered the graves of the *priors*, and placed them in the threshold, pavements, and walls of a house which she was building in the *Bailey* in Durham.

She had forgotten, that she was enabled to build houses, from the religious devices of the *priors*, and their monks, who had thereby endowed the Deanery with that fine estate which her husband and she had enjoyed for several years.

188. Tide, i. e. *time*. Thus Shrove-tide. Whitfuntide.

191. Could fly. An old English idiom, for *did fly*, or *flew*.

202. Eyne. *Eyes*. N.

205. Cause rise, for *to rise*. N.

207. The poet cannot find a rhyme here to fly. With a little variation, he might have written this stanza thus;

Some said, the Scots would run away,
And powers daily would diminish;

Wherefore their council was to stay,
And thus the Earl they did admonish.

214. The Lothian knight. *John Barton*, who with his brothers, *Robert and Andrew*, received letters of mark from James IV. in order to revenge the death of their father Captain John, who was killed by the Portuguese, in the reign of James III.

215. A. 1513. *Sir Edward Howard*, Admiral of a fleet of forty-two men of war, was the first that boarded the French Admiral's ship in *Conquest* harbour, near *Brest*. He, being unknown, was pushed overboard with a spear, and drowned. Upon his death, the fleet returned to England, not having lost another man.

228. Guerdon. (French) a reward.

246. Blin, cease. N.

253. Stint. Stop. N.

254. *Lord Talbot*. The sword of John Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury was found in the river of *Dordon*, and sold by a peasant to an armourer of *Bordeaux*. It had this inscription upon it,

Sum Talboti 1443. Pro vincere inimico meo.

255. *Richard III.* was killed A. 1485. He

had for his device, *a white boar*, which gave occasion to the rhyme that cost the poet his life ;

The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog,
Rule all England under an hog.

259. Dint. *Stroke; impression.* N.

260. Dight. *dressed; prepared; to dight corn.* N.

266. *Malcolm III.* was killed, together with his son, at a place called Malcolm's well, near Alnwick, about the year 1092. As soon as his good and virtuous Queen, *Margaret*, sister to Edgar Atheling, heard this news, she abstained from meat and drink, and died, within three days, of grief, at Edinborough castle.

267. Many of the nobles of Scotland, and 15,000 men, were slain in this battle, which was fought on St. Luke's day, A. 1346, in the time of Edw. III. Part of *Nevil's cross*, erected upon this occasion, is now standing.

268. In this battle, fought on Holy rood day, September 14. 1402, were slain twenty-seven Scotch knights, and 10,000 men. Murdacke Earl of Fife, son to Robert Duke of Albany, governour of Scotland, Archibald Earl of Douglas, Thomas Earl of Murray, George Earl of Angus, and other nobles were taken prisoners,

in a valley near *Hamildon*, by Henry Lord Percy, son to the Earl of Northumberland, and George of Dunbar Earl of March.

275. Wiold. *Command.*

278. In the following enumeration of the English officers, the name of the eminent *John Winschomb*, commonly called *Jack of Newbury*, is omitted, who marched to the Earl of Surry, with 100 of his own men, all armed, and clothed at his sole expence. He was, in the reign of Hen. VIII. the greatest clothier in England. He kept 100 looms at work in his house, which was to be seen a century ago; but is now divided into several tenements. He built the church of *Newbury* in Berkshire, which is a noble edifice, or rather the west part of it, from the pulpit, and also the tower.

293. *Henry Lord Clifford of Clifford*, whose father was slain on the day before the battle of *Towton*, was remarkably preserved, from the fury of the Duke of York, who would have killed him, upon account of the cruelties which his father had committed. He was concealed, and brought up, as a shepherd, in the mountains of Cumberland, for twenty-four years, having never learnt to read or write.

290. *Stour*. i. e. *dust in motion*. Metaphorically *battle*. N.

It were to be wished, that some of the learn-

ed in Scotland would give the public a Scotch Dictionary. Many Saxon, or old English words might be collected from the common people, who retain their language and customs for a long time.

Numerous are the French words and phrases, spoken by the Scots, ever since their ancient connection with the French. Such as *piquant*, *malheur*, *assiette*, *amery*, *fasbeous*, *certes*. *Tite Live*. *Herodote*. In the nurse's lullaby song, *balow*, or *he balelow*, i. e. *he bas*, *la le loup*. Hush! there is the wolf.

We may find even here in the North, the traces of some words, left us by the *Romans*, who inhabited Northumberland for some hundreds of years. For example: when the shepherds call their dogs, it is usual with them to cry, *isca*, *isca*, which is evidently an abbreviation of *Lycisca*, the name of the Roman shepherd's dog.

———*multum latrante Lycisca*.

Virg. Eccl. 3.

Vid. *Ovid metam.* 3. *Eugen. Toletan. carm.* 22.

The glancings of the *Aurora Borealis*, or northern lights, which seem to represent the

clashing of arms, in a military engagement, are here called by some, the *merry dancers*, but by others, more properly, the *Pyrrhy-dancers*; which name is derived from the *Saltus Pyrrichius*, or dance in armour of the Romans, from which the *sword dance*, played by the Northumbrian youths, in their *white plow*, at Chriltmas, has its original. The month of December is here called *Hagmana*, derived from the Greek *Hagia mene*, The holy moon.

The remarks upon the above Latin words, *isca*, and *Saltus Pyrrichius*, I had from a particular friend, a learned and worthy gentleman in the parish of Norham.

I shall here give an inscription, I believe hitherto unprinted, upon a Roman altar.

Silvano invicto sacrum. C. Tetius Veturius Micianus Præf. Alæ Sebofi næ, ob aprum eximie formæ captum, quem multi antecessores ejus prædari non potuerunt.

Votum solvens, lubenter, posuit.

Sacred to the invincible Mars Silvanus, erected by C. T. V. Micianus, general of the Seb. auxiliary horse, upon the account of his taking a *very large bear*, which many of his predecessors could not destroy.

This altar was found, not long since, in a rivulet, in the bottom of a Dean, in *Weardale*: probably near the place, where this monstrous boar was killed.

To return to the above-said dictionary. It would be the more necessary, at this time, as the English tongue is generally taught in the schools of Scotland, and perhaps will be universally spoken there. Why might not our poets, who strain hard to find words, who for the sake of measure and rhyme, load their lines with useless ones, borrow some old English terms from the North? We have abundance of them, the sense of which must be expressed by several words, in modern English. The Scotch writers can vary their stile by such words as these, *bent, coofer, mouse-mark, kemp, fend, coggle, gimmer, glamour, cleugh, yeld, stour, bye*, a Saxon word in *Alfric's* grammar, written 700 years ago, *gowpen, glen, loof*. The meaning of the three last can hardly be explained by a circumlocution.

The present Scotch is very little altered from the ancient English or Saxon language, which may be accounted for, from the migrations of the English into Scotland. A. 855, the Picts who lay in Northumberland, with the Saxons and Britons their auxiliaries, made an irruption

into Scotland. Donald V. met them near Jedburgh, and put them to flight. The enemy being informed of the neglect of order in the Scotch army, the next night after the victory, at midnight, returned and attacked them unguarded, drunk, and asleep; and killed 20,000 of them, and took the King and his nobles prisoners. Donald, in order to recover his liberty, gave to the Picts all the country between Stirling and Clyde. The Saxons and Britons expelled the Picts, and drove the Scots into the Highlands; and at that time they settled themselves in the low country, and also their language and customs, most of which seem to be such as were in use before the Normans invaded England,

William the Conqueror wasted the Northern counties, in so cruel a manner, that between York and Durham, for sixty miles together, there was not a single house left standing. The lands lay untilld for nine years; and so great a famine ensued, that the people died in heaps. K. Malcolm kindly received numbers of them, who fled into Scotland, and there introduced their language and customs. *Simcon of Durham* says, that in his time, Scotland was so stocked with English men and maidens, that they were to be found in all the farm-houses, and even in

the cottages. These spread the Saxon tongue quite through the country.

What perhaps will make the reader the most sensible of the utility of a Scotch dictionary, is, that by the help of it, he will be the better able to understand the old English writers. To prove this, I shall mention a difficult place in the *ancient ballad of Chevy-chace*, and afterwards several passages in our much-esteemed poet *Shakespeare*, which have been misinterpreted, or altered by our learned southern critics.

Relicks of ancient English poetry, 2. Edit., p. 10.

Thorowe riche male, and myne-ye-ple,
Many sterne the stroke downe streght.

Monypie, a N. C. word. For the meaning of the word *sterne*, we may seek in vain in glossaries, but it may be had from a vulgar phrase here: For example: *Have you a sbilling in your pocket?* Answ. *Sham a sterne*, i. e. not one. The sense then of this quotation will be this, They struck down straight many sterne, i. e. many a one, through rich coat of mail, and many folds.

Brooch in Shakespeare. *Buckles set with*

stones, with which shirt-bosoms and handkerchiefs are clasped, in the N. are called brooches.

Sir Tho. Hanmer, in his edition of Shakspeare, says, that a brooch is an ornament of gold, worn sometimes about the neck, and sometimes about the arm.

Shakspeare. Hen. IV. Act 4. Sc. 3. —eating draff and hulks. *Draff in the N. is malt grains, with which swine and cows are fed.*

Draff. Wash for hogs. Hanmer.

Draff. any thing thrown away. *Johns. Dict.*

Merr. W. of Windsor, Act 3. sc. 9. look how you drumble, i. e. *how confused you are.* — The ale is drumbled. N. i. e. *Disturbed, muddy.*

To drumble. To drone. To be sluggish. Hanmer.

Midf. night's dream, Act 3. sc. 2. I can gleek upon occasion, i. e. *I can deceive, or beguile; in this sense, gleek is used in the N.*

The reply made to Bottom by the Q. proves this to be the meaning of it, viz. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

To gleek. To joke, or scoff. Hanmer. Pope.

A fool may utter rustic jokes or scoffs; but it requires some small share of art or wisdom, to beguile or deceive.

To grime in Shakspeare is to mark, or spot

with foot ; and this is the meaning of this word in the N.

Grime. Dirt, filth. *Hanmer.*

To *grime.* To dirt, to fully deeply. *Johns. Dict.*

Love's labour lost, song at the end.

While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

i. e. *cool the pot.*

It is a common thing here, for a maid servant to take out of a boiling pot *a wheen*, i. e. a small quantity, viz. a porringer or two of broth, and then to fill up the pot with cold water. The broth, thus taken out, is called the *keeling wheen*. In this manner greasy Joan *keeled* the pot.

Gie me beer, and gie me grots,

And lumps of beef to swum abeen ;

And ilka time, that I stir the pot,

He's hae frae me the *keeling wheen*.

Old Song.

To keel, seems here to mean, to drink so deep, as to turn up the bottom of the pot, like turning up the keel of a ship. *Hanmer.*

Twelfth-night, Act 1. sc. 3. *a kestrel is a stone-hawk, a well known bird.*

A little kind of bastard hawk. *Hanmer.*

Merry W. of Windsor, Act 1. sc. 3. Latten

bilboe. *Latten* is a common word for *Tin* in the N.

Latten, a factitious metal. *Hanmer.*

All's well that ends well, *Act* 4. *sc.* 5.

Men are to mell with, i. e. *to meddle with*; this is the meaning of this word in the N.

Mell, to mix, to mingle. *Hanmer.*

Paddock in *Shakespeare* is a Frog, commonly so named in the N.

Hanmer says it is a *toad*.

Twelfth-night, *Act* 2. *sc.* 8. The *stanyel* checks at it.—*The stanyel is the common stone-hawk, which inhabits rocks, and old buildings, in the N. called stanchil.*

A *stanyel*, otherwise called a ring-tail, a kind of buzzard, or kite. *Hanmer.*

2d part of *Hen. IV.* *Act* 2. *sc.* 10. Sweet knight, I kiss thy *nief*, i. e. *thy fist*. N. C.

Nief here is from *nativa*, i. e. a woman slave, that is born in one's house. *Pistol* wanted to kiss *Falstaff's* domestick mistress *Doll Tearsheet*. *Pope*, 1st Edit.

Lear, *Act* 4. *sc.* 2. She that herself will *sliver*.—*Sliver* is a common word in the N. and means to cut off a slice.

Mr. Pope altered it to *shiver*; and the *Month. Reviewers*, Mar. 1771, read *sever*; because, as they say, *Shakespeare* would certainly use the properest word.

74 N O T E S.

Meaf. for measure, Act 1. sc. 8. to teeming
foyson. *This French word Foison, is in common
use in the N. it means Plenty, abundance, store,
substance.*

Foison. Harvest. Pope.

Midf. night's dream, Act 4. sc. 2.

——An idle gawd,

Which in my childhood I did doat upon.

*A gawd is a child's toy. The children here
call their playthings Gowdys, and their baby-house
a gowdy-house.*

Gaude. A bauble. Pope.

Ric. III. Act 1. sc. 4. *Out, Devil! Out is*
an interjection of abhorrence or contempt, most
frequent in the mouths of the common people
in the N. It occurs again, Act 4. sc. 6., *Out
on ye owls!*

Read No, Devil! *Dr. Warburton.*

Coriolanus, Act 4. sc. 8.

As is the Osprey to the fish.

*Shakespeare wrote Aspray, and it is so named
in the N. The oil of asprays is recommended
to anglers. Mr Theobald hath altered this word
to Osprey. He and Sir Thomas Hanmer have
given nonsensical notes upon it.*

The *Osprey* is the *sea-eagle*, of which it is
reported, that when he hovers in the air, all

the fish in the water underneath, turn up their bellies, and lie still, for him to seize which he pleases. The name in *Pliny* is *haliaetos*. *Hammer*.

From *Pliny*, the transcriber here of *Aristotle*, we have nothing but fables.

He says, that the *sea-eagle* is generated from eagles, of a different species.

*Haliaeti suum genus non habent, sed ex
diverso*

Aquilarum coitu nascuntur.

Osprey, a kind of eagle. *Ossifraga*. *Pope*.

The *Osprey* is a rare, large, blackish hawk, with a long neck and blue legs. Its prey is fish. It is sometimes seen hovering over the Tweed; on the banks of which river, one was shot a few years ago near *Berwick*.

An *Osprey* built its nest, for time immemorial, in one particular tree, in *Whinfield park* in *Westmoreland*, till it was dislodged, by the cutting down of this, and of almost all the other trees in this park, not long since, by the noble owner thereof.

Antony and Cleop. Act 4. sc. 8. *But* being charged, &c. *But* here signifies *without*, in which sense it is often used in the N.

Boots but spurs. Vulg.

Sic nonsense! love tak root *but* tocher-good.
Tween a herd's bairn and ane of gentle blood.
Gent. Shepherd.

Sir T. H. hath altered the text, and the sense of it, without assigning any reason for so doing. He reads the passage thus,

Not being charged, we will be still by land,
which as I take it, we shall not.

Coriolan. Act 1. sc. 2.

Menenius. I shall tell you

A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale it a little more.

To scale here, means, *to open, or spread it a little more.*

In the N. they say, *You scale the corn.* Vulg. i. e. scatter it.

Scale the muck well. Vulg. i. e. spread it.

All the editors of Shakespeare have been ignorant of the sense of this word. *Mr. Theobald*, unable to loose the knot, cuts it. He expunges *scale*, and inserts into the text the word *state*, for which he gives a wise reason, viz. That he can find no sense in the common reading. *Hammer* adopts *Theobald's* emendation. *Dr W.* says,

to scale it, signifies to weigh, examine, and apply it.

That *Menenius* uses this word *scale*, in the sense which I have given of it, and also very properly, is evident. For he largely dilates his tale. He makes it the subject of thirty-four lines.

A studious search would find many more instances of expressions, in *Shakespeare*, the sense of which is unknown to, or mistaken by the south-country English reader; but the citations, given above, are sufficient for my purpose.

As there is nothing which we are so forward to give as advice; the interpreters, and enraptured admirers of *Shakespeare* must allow me to recommend to them a seven years residence on the north side of the Tweed; in which time, if they are diligent, they may acquire a competent knowledge of the old English tongue.

Since the invention of printing, many commentators have adventured to alter the text of ancient books, and for their so doing, have alledged these two strange reasons, that, where they themselves do not understand a passage in an author, that passage is altogether unintelligible; and that good writers always chuse the properest words. Hence they practise upon them, as rash surgeons do upon their patients, who cut

out, and lop off those parts, which skill and experience could have saved.

The following censure was passed upon *Taneguy le Fevre*, better known by the Latin name which he assumed of *Tanaquillas Faber*, father of *Madam Dacier*. This famous critick pretended to shew great defects in *Livy*, *Terence*, *Aristotle*, *Horace*, *Tacitus*, *Eusebius*, *Eustathius*, &c. and to prove, that they frequently did not understand the language in which they wrote; nor is he contented with correcting historians and poets, but he has even corrupted the Bible itself, in many places, changing the words, transposing the periods, and sometimes cutting off entire lines; all this he hath done, without bringing any proof for what he advances, except that, in his own opinion, the sense would be better and clearer.

Dr. Bentley A. 1716, printed an account of an edition, which he intended to give of the New Testament, in Greek; and in 1721, he published proposals for printing it by subscription, together with the Latin version of *S. Jerom*. The opposition, which was made to this design, particularly by *Dr. Middleton*, forced this great critick to drop it. The Doctor published remarks upon the proposals, and prefixed to them the following motto, taken from an

oration of *Burman*. Without doubt, *Bentley's* bold and innumerable corrections of *Horace*, and of other writers, unsupported by manuscripts, evinced the propriety of it. *Doctus criticus, et adfuetus urere, secare, inclementer omnis generis libros tractare, apices, syllabas, voces, diſtiones confodere, et ſtylo exigere, continebitne ille ab integro et intaminato divina ſapientia monumento crudeles unguis?*

The learned critick, accuſtomed to burn, to cut, to handle unmercifully all kind of books, to ſtab, and murder with his pen, points, ſyllables, words, ſentences, will he with-hold his cruel nails from the entire and uncontaminated monument of Divine wiſdom?

Dr. Middleton tells us, that he wrote his pamphlet, not from reſentment, but from a ſerious conviction, that *Dr. Bentley* wanted talents, and materials, for the work which he had undertaken.

How the Doctor proceeded in this employment, and what kind of abilities and materials he had for it, the reader may, in ſome degree, be enabled to judge, from a very curious letter in the Appendix, No. III. printed from a manuſcript. Having no date or ſuperſcription, I do not certainly know to whom it was addreſſed.

The terminations of adjectives, in *some* and *ly*, were used indifferently in old times. *Lonely* and *lonesome* are still retained. In the N. we say, *ugsome*, *livesome*, *lovesome*, and for loathsome, *leathly*, a word in *Shakespeare*; this last is also pronounced *loadly* or *laidly*, as the *laidly-worm*. *Th* is frequently changed into *d*; as, for *father*, we say *fader*; for *girth*, *gird*; for *Rothbury*, a town in Northumberland, *Rodbury*; for *Lothian*, *Loudon*.

The true name of *Robin Hood* was *Ro. Fitz-ooth*. The addition of *Fitz*, common to many Norman names, was afterwards often omitted, or dropped. The two last letters *th* being turned into *d*, he was called by the common people, *Ood*, or *Hood*. This famous outlaw and deer-stealer, who robbed the rich, and spared the poor, was a man of quality: grandson to *Ralph Fitz-ooth*, Earl of Kyme, a Norman, whose name is in a roll of *Battel Abby*, amongst the Normans there. He came into England with *William Rufus*. Rob. Hood's maternal grandfather, was *Gilbert de Gaunt*, Earl of Lincoln; his grandmother, was the *Lady Roisia de Vere*, sister to the *Earl of Oxford*, and Countess of Essex, from whom the town of *Reyston*, where she was buried, takes its name. *Rob. Hood's* father *William*, was under the guardianship of *Robert Earl*

of Oxford, who, by the King's order, gave to him in marriage the third daughter of *Lady Roisia*.

Rob. Hood bore in his coat-of-arms, Gules. Two bends engrailed, Or.

At *Kirklees*, in Yorkshire, the seat of the *Armitage* family, formerly a benedictine nunnery, *Rob. Hood* lies buried under a grave-stone, which still remains there, near the park. The inscription upon it is not now legible. But Mr. *Thoresby* in his *Ducat. Leod.* gives us, from the papers of *Dr. Gale* Dean of York, the following epitaph.

Hear, undernead dis laitl stean,
Laiz Robert *Earl of Huntingtun*.
Nea arcir ver az hie fa geud :
An pipl kauld im Robin Heud.
Sick utlawz az hi, an iz men,
Vil England nivr si agen.
Obiit 24 Kal. Dekembris. 1247.

It appears, by the pedigree of *Robin Hood*, that he had some title to the *Earldom of Huntingdon*.

Before I end these rambling observations, I shall offer to the reader, a solution of a difficult passage in *Homer's Odysssey*, Lib. 13. 111. & seq. *Homer* says, that, "at the head of a har-

bour in Ithaca was a long-leaved olive: and near to it a lovely cavern, sacred to the nymphs, who are called *Naiades*. Within, were cups, and pitchers of stone. The bees also make honey there. Within it also were very long stone-rolls; and there the nymphs weave robes of a sea-purple colour, wonderful to be seen. Within this cave also were ever-running waters. It had two gates, one towards the north, through which men passed, and another to the south, more divine, through which the Gods only went, being impervious to men."

Neither writers, ancient, or modern, have given any satisfactory reason, why the Gods enter this *Fairy-cave* at the south, and men at the north door. The conjecture of *Dr. Groome* is improbable, and unsupported by any authority. Pope's *Odys.* L. 13. v. 134.

Without doubt, the most certain way of finding out the sense of an obscure place in an author, is by comparing with it parallel places in his works. An excellent French critic observes, that, *cette voie d'interpreter un auteur, par lui meme, est plus sure que tous les commentaires*. This difficulty, I imagine, may be cleared up by this method.

Ili. L. 20. v. 74. a Trojan river is called *Xanthus* by the Gods, namely, by the Greeks,

and *Scamander* by men, that is by the *Phrygians*. *Xanthus* is Greek for yellow. Another river in *Lycia* is thus named by the Greeks from its yellow sand. *Strabo*, L. 14.

Scamander was so called from *Scamandrius* King of *Phrygia*. *Strabo* and *Pausanius*.

It was a common thing for the ancients to call rivers by the name of the princes through whose country they ran.

Diodorus Siculus and *Zenophon* testify, that the ancient name of the *Nile*, was *Ægyptus*. *Homer*, in his *Odyssey*, knows it by no other name; it was afterwards called *Nilus* from *Nileus* King of *Ægypt*. The river *Adonis* was so named from *Adonis*, son of *Cynara*, King of the *Cyprians*. In all the places, where *Homer* mentions the language of the Gods, and that of men, he means, by the first, the *Greek tongue*, and by the latter the *Phrygian*. The *Phrygians* spoke a different language from the *Greeks*, according to *Strabo*. L. 13.

Hom. II. L. 14. v. 291. mentions a hawk, called *chalcis* by the Gods, that is by the *Greeks*, because, as *Eustathius* says, in its colour it resembled brass, in Greek *chalchos*; and named by men, that is, in the *Phrygian* tongue, *Cymindis*, it being an inhabitant of Mount *Ida* in *Troas*, otherwise called *Phrygia*.

Il. 2. v. 813. *Batieia*, being a mount in *Phrygia*, is so called by men, i. e. by the *Phrygians*; but by the *Gods*, i. e. by the *Greeks*, the tomb of the swift-footed *Amazon*, *Myrinne*.

Homer dwelt for some time in *Ægypt*, and introduced thence the religion of that country into *Greece*. His *Gods* are named from the first *Ægyptian* kings. *Diodorus Siculus*. *Herodotus*.

The *Ægyptians* assert, that the *Gods* reigned over *Ægypt* thirty-four thousand two hundred and one years. In the Scripture, their *Princes* are called *Gods*. *Exod.* xii. 12. & xxii. 28. The *Greeks* contemned all other nations, and styled them *Barbarians*, and mere mortals. *Homer* flattered their vanity, and bestowed the title of *Gods* upon them, imitating herein the extravagance and servility of the *Ægyptians* and *Oriental*s. The conclusion I would draw from all this, is, that the northern door of the grotto of the nymphs, looking towards the sea, and the southern towards the city of *Ithaca*, strangers, and sailors, the *Barbarians*, and mortals would therefore most conveniently go through the first, and the *Ithacensians*, namely the *Gods*, through the latter.

Porphry, in the third century, explained this cave allegorically. Vid. Dr. Broome's

note. Od. l. 13. 124. His treatise in Greek, of 26 pages, was first printed, by the order of that great restorer of learning, *Pope Leo X.* at *Rome*, together with his *Homerical Questions*, and also with the *Scholia* upon *Sophocles*, A. 1518, in one volume in quarto, from manuscripts.

The *Scholia* of *Sophocles* abounding in later editions, with trifling grammatical interpolations, and in many places erroneous, might be made more valuable if they were reprinted from this *Roman* copy.

This allegory of *Porphyry* was translated by *Holstenius* into Latin, and printed at Cambridge, 1655.

But allegories never entered into *Homer's* head. The *Odyssey* is a romance, filled with tales of giants, fairies, living ships, magicians, witches, and such like fictions, the idea of which he got from the Orientals: For the writings, and even the religion and history of the *Persians* and *Arabs*, are adorned with stories of genies, fairies, enchanters, and dragons.

After *Homer* returned from his travels, he compiled his romances, and sung detached pieces of them, in various cities of *Greece*; without doubt, being quite agreeable to the taste of the Greeks, they procured him a pretty good livelihood. But, what he gained from them,

he spent. Being a lover of good cheer, he died poor.

Maonides nullas ipse reliquit opes. Ovid.

The Greeks were strangely delighted with wild, monstrous and unnatural fictions.

Demades the famous Athenian orator, two thousand years ago, convened the *Athenians*, in order that they might hear an oration from him. After a great croud of them were assembled, and very attentive, *Demades* thus began :

The Goddess *Ceres*, a *Swallow*, and an *Eel*, travelling together, arrived upon the banks of a river. The swallow flew over, to the other side, the eel swam through, under the water. Having thus said, the orator held his peace. After waiting a while, the *Athenians* eagerly called to him, to proceed in his speech, and to tell them in what manner *Ceres* crossed the river. He replied, " All that I know concerning her, is that she is exceedingly angry at you, for neglecting the affairs of your city, and giving ear to fables." They were no wiser in the days of *St. Paul*, who tells us, " that the *Athenians* spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." According to the ac-

counts of travellers, they are still of the same disposition.

Let us now venture to look a little nearly into *Pope's* Grotto of the Nymphs.

Salvini of Florence justly called his version of *Homer*, a paraphrase. His greatest admirers must also be forced to confess it to be a very licentious one. The numerous omissions, variations, and misinterpretations which appear in it, are altogether indefensible, whatever allowances we may give to a long and difficult poetical performance. The *Horace* of *Mr. Francis* is a convincing proof, that the sense of an ancient poet may be closely preserved, in an English metrical version, notwithstanding that it may be greatly embarrassed by the fetters of rhyme. But if a faithful verse-translation of *Homer* is not to be expected, why may not a literal one in prose be acceptable to us? We read the adventures of *Telemachus* with pleasure.

Mr. Pope received from the subscribers to his *Iliad*, L. 6000, the copy of which he sold for L. 1200, and that of the *Odyssæy* for L. 600. This translation of *Homer* employed him twelve years. Animated, and encouraged as he was, by his exceedingly generous patrons, surely, in that length of time which he took, he ought to have attended to the original Greek, and not to

have translated an erroneous Latin version, which in general he seems to have done. The following few lines will suffice to show his want of care. Let the reader compare them with the literal translation given above.

High at the head a branching olive grows,
And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady
boughs.

Beneath, a gloomy grotto's cool recess
Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring
seas ;

Where bowls and urns were form'd of living
stone ;

And massy beams in native marble shone ;
On which the labours of the nymphs were
roll'd,

Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
Within the cave, the clust'ring bees attend
Their waxen works or from the roof de-
pend.

Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide ;
Two marble doors unfold on either side ;
Sacred the south by which the Gods descend,
But mortals enter at the northern end.

Ver. 1. *Branching olive.* This is translated from the false Latin version, *passis ramis*, i. e.

with spreading branches. Homer's word is *tanuphullos*, long leaved, which is significant, and expressive of a distinguishing property of the olive, bearing long and narrow leaves like the willow.

Ver. 2. Is *Pope's* own addition.

Ver. 4. Is a false translation. The *Nereids* are sea-fairies, who, wearing no cloaths, would never fatigue themselves at a loom, in a dark cave, in order to weave webs, which could be of no use to them.

But *Homer* calls the ladies of this cave, *Naiades*, the fountain fairies, who presided over the perennial springs that were therein.

Ver. 5. *Living stone*. This epithet inserted by *Pope*, is highly figurative, and quite unintelligible to the mere English reader, and therefore it ought not to have had a place here. It does not seem to be very clear to men of letters. *Pope* borrowed it from *Virgil*

Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo;
Nympharum domus.

Servius in loc. explains *vivo* by *naturali* natural. *Virgil*, I suppose, means here, natural seats, unformed by art, unsevered from the rock.

Ver. 6, 12. *The weaver-beams*, by *Homer*

called *long*, but by Pope *massy*, and the *cavern-doors* v. 12. are formed all of *shining marble* by Pope, but by Homer only of *plain stone*.

Ver. 8. *Their webs*. This is a false version, taken from the Latin interpreter. In Homer it is *Pharea*, which signifies *vestes*; garments; not *lintea*, linen webs, as it is in the Latin.

Ver. 8. *Mix'd with gold*. The *webs* in Homer are made simply of *purple threads*; Pope has mixed with them *threads of gold*.

Homer, if I may personify his works, thus stripped of his old plain attire, and cloathed in a fashionable, modern, richly ornamented dress, jingling in continual rhymes, is like a daughter of *Zion*, who, bedecked with ear-rings, and nose-jewels, wimples, and crisping pins, minces as she goes, and makes a tinkling with her feet.

If. iii.

Homer's *Grotto of the Nymphs* is not to be found in the island of *Ithaca*. *Strabo* tells us that it was entirely a fiction of the poet.

In the anatomy-room at *Leyden*, there is the hand of a *sea nymph*, and also an *Indian ape with wings*.

296. Sir Thomas Mettham, Sir William Sidney, Sir John Everingham.

301. Sir Brian Tunstall of *Thurland-castle* in *Lancashire*.

I have heard, from a worthy gentleman of this family, that this *Sir Brian* was the father of *Cuthbert*, who was twenty-eight years Bishop of Durham, and who was esteemed to be one of the wisest, best, and most learned men of his time. He was employed in several embassies abroad, and preferred by *Hen. VIII.* of whom it was remarked, that he was so great a lover of learned men, that, during his long reign, he made not one dunce a bishop. He also left to this *Tunstal* L. 300 in his will.

In *Q. Mary's* reign, *Tunstal* would not suffer any man in his diocese, to be persecuted for the sake of his religion. He used to say, that he would not imbrue his hands in Protestant blood. He was very chearful and lively in conversation, and lived to the age of eighty-five. He was the last Bishop of Durham, that treated with the Scots upon the Borders. Thomas Earl of Northumberland, William Lord Dacres of Gilsland, this Bishop, and James Croft Captain of the town and castle of Berwick; the Earls of Morton and Hume, and Sinclair Dean of Glasgow met at *Upsetlington*, near Norham, and agreed to articles, concerning the granting of a safe conduct to murderers, thieves, border-robbers, and deserters, A. 1559, in which year, *Tunstal* died.

As this prelate was attending *Hen. VIII.* in his progress, towards the city of *York*, upon the hill beyond *Barneſly*, about four miles from *Doncaſter*, he took an occaſion to ſpeak to him of the pleaſures of *Yorkſhire*; requiring his Grace, to look upon the country before him, affirming, “that he ſhould ſee the greateſt and faireſt valley that was in all *Europe*, from end to end; and that he never ſaw the like as that was, for all pleaſures and commodities, which he could well teſtify. And therefore he deſired his Highneſs to behold, upon his right hand, the great hills, the *Yorkſwolds* and *Blakemore hills*; and likewiſe to behold thoſe great mountains and fells, which were upon the left hand; the breadth of which valley is ſome thirty or ſixty miles wide, in the moſt places, and in length ſome eighty and an hundred miles; wherein for cities and towns, caſtles and manor-houſes, famous rivers and brooks, parks and woods, corn, graſs, and cattle, fairs, and markets, fiſh and fowl, mines and quarries of coal and ſtone, and likewiſe mines of lead, iron, and other metals, he never ſaw the like in all his travels. And for the truth thereof, as it may, and doth plainly appear, ſome miles weſt of *Tadcaſter*, there are within the circuit of ſeven or eight miles, ſeventy-ſeven manor houſes, whereof the worſt

of them were of Esquires of an ancient continuance. There be also within the same circuit, twenty-five woods, thirty-two parks, sixteen rivers, eight market-towns; and in them, and in other villages, there be as many fairs in the year, as in any other place in England. There be also twenty four coal-mines, and diverse furnaces both for melting and drawing forth iron into bars. There be also much other metals, if they were sought for; and for corn, grass, and cattle, fish and fowl, this place is not inferior to the best in all England. And there is one thing here, more worthy to be spoken of, than all the rest; which is, the great abundance of free-stone and lime that is to be found within that circuit; as much lime and free-stone, as would build as many churches, cities, castles, towns, and houses as are in all England, if need were. And for the pleasures of hunting and hawking, fishing and fowling, it is as delicate a place, as any there is in all England."

The descendants of Sir Brian are Roman Catholics, of great property, seated at *Wycliff* near the river Tees. Their coat of arms is, Sable. 3 combs Argent. Godwyn de Præsulibus Angliæ says, that the first person of note of this name, was a *Barber* to William the Conqueror; and that, upon his being raised to a better for-

tune, he, in memory of his former condition, took for his arms, S. 3 Combs A.

Many bear in their arms a device alluding to their profession. Thus in the island of *Fionia*, belonging to Denmark, the ancient family of *Trool*, which signifies a forcerer, bears a *Devil*. Sable. upon a field *Gules*.

310. *Thalian field*. I do not know what is meant by *Thalian field*.

I take the author to have been a Yorkshire schoolmaster. Vid. Sir Edw. Stanley's speech, Stanza 238. et seq. having his head, perhaps, full of rhetorical figures, he uses the word *Thalian* for *Theffalian*, per Syncopen, alluding to the plains of *Theffaly*, where a battle was fought in the Roman civil wars, between Cæsar, and Pompey.

Martin Swart, a German colonel, and others under the command of John Earl of Lincoln, were defeated by Hen. VII. at a place called *Stoke*, about three miles from *Newark*.

312. Sir Richard Bold. Sir Tho. Butler. Ralph Bruerton. John Bigod. Rob. Warcop.

313. John Lawrence.

314. Brian Stapleton. Tho. Fitzwilliams.

320. *Wend*. *To go*. Obsolete. The past time *went* is only now in use.

328. Christopher Clapham

329. Sir Richard Tempest.

337. Blin; *cease*.

349. There is a tradition here, that K. James, returning from a visit to *Mrs. Heron, at Ford-castle*, found himself in danger of drowning, in his passage through the Tweed, near Norham, at the *West Ford*, which is pretty deep on the Scotch side. Upon which, he made a vow to the *V. Mary*, that if she would carry him safe to land, he would erect and dedicate a church to her, upon the bank of the Tweed; which he performed, in the *Jubilee year*, A. 1500, according to an old inscription upon the church, mostly now defaced.

THIS Gothic structure is much admired. It is entirely of stone; the roof of it rests, upon what the masons call here, *point-cast* arches, which are supported by nineteen buttresses. William Robertson, Esq; proprietor of a large estate in the parish of *Ladykirk*, added to this church a handsome steeple A. 1743, and A. 1769, paved the greatest part of it with stone, all at his own expence. From his worthy son, I have received, amongst many other favours, the substance of some of these notes.

350. See note 39.

353. Piles. Vid. *Supra*.

357. Bless. *Wound*; from the French, *Blessir*.

372. Bad-cast. A N. idiom.

402. No far; a N. C. phrase.

405. Ilay kept. Should be *clept*; i. e. called; from the obsolete verb, *clepe*.

410. Gills. *Narrow vallies*. N.

412. Hent. *Catch*.

426. Wight. *Nimble, active, stout*. N.

429. This story of Bastard Heron is not to be found in the English history. See note 39.

431. Deemed. *Judged*. From the Saxon *deman*. This word is used in this sense in old Scotch writings.

433. Gate. *Way*. N.

436. King Henry VII.

444. Doom. Judicial sentence.

447. *Gando*. The text may be here erroneous, and the poet perhaps wrote *Gano*, which is a Spanish word, used at the game of *Ombre*. When one of the two defenders of the Pool, wants the other to let his card pass, and win the trick, he cries, *Gano*, I win.

Or our author may allude to a *ball*, with which the Lapland wizards divert themselves, called by them *Gand*, which for the sake of his metre, he hath lengthened to *Gando*. Of this, *Regnard*, a celebrated comic poet, in his voyage to *Lapland*, gives us the following history, which, he says, that he had heard from so many

credible people, that he could not possibly disbelieve it.

“ A magician, who wants to inflict evil, disease, or death upon any one, uses, for this purpose, a ball, of the size of a pigeon-egg, which is called in *Lapland*, *Gand*; this he sends through all quarters, to a certain distance, as far as his power extends; and if this fiery ball meets either man or animal in its way, it goes no farther; it has the same effect upon it, that it would have had upon the person, it was intended to annoy.

A Frenchman, our interpreter in *Lapland*, who had lived thirty years at *Suvapara*, assured us, that he had often seen it pass around him. He told us, that it was impossible to know its figure, and that it flew, with extreme velocity, and left behind it a small blue train of light, very distinguishable. He added, that one day, as he was travelling upon a mountain, his dog, following him close, was struck with a *Gand*, and died instantly. Upon his seeking for the wound, he saw a hole under his throat, but could not find in his body the instrument of death. The enchanters keep these *Gands*, in leathern bags; and some of the wickedest of them, almost every day, in wanton sport, let fly one of them into the air, to do mischief, when

they mean no harm to any particular person. When one of these magicians, in his wrath, encounters another, his *Gand* has no power, if his adversary is more expert in his art, and is a greater devil than himself." For, when a weaker forcerer plays with a stronger, his enchantments always fail. Hence comes the following proverb amongst the French, when a cunning man is outwitted by one more cunning than himself; viz. *The devil of this last man is stronger than the devil of the first.*

Tacitus says, that the *Finlanders*, from whom the *Laplanders* are descended, have been always addicted to magick.

457. Black fasting. A N. C. phrase.

459. Sandyford. A rivulet near *Crookham*, in the parish of *Ford*.

464. Harry. *Plunder*. N.

468. Bent. *Field*. A long kind of grass, which grows in Northumberland near the sea, and is used for thatch, is called *bent*.

471. Surrey side. Should be the *Sunny side*. viz. on the north side.

473. A gainful Greek. A fraudulent man. The *Greeks* were infamous for their perfidy. *Cicero* says of them, *Testimoniorum religionem, et fidem nunquam ista natio coluit.* And, *Græcorum ingenia ad fallendum parata sunt.*

481. Battle four ; i. e. *four wings*.

484. Hent. To lay hold on.

Jog on, jog on the foot-path-way,

And merrily *bent* the stile-a.

A merry heart goes all the day ;

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Shakefp. Wint. Tale.

492. Groom. *A young man*. *Valet*, which in French means a *groom*, was formerly an honourable title, given to young gentlemen, until they arrived to the age of 18 years.

493. Skail, *disperse*. N.

500. Mace. Perhaps should be *pace* ; i. e. Tunstal accompanied Sir Edw. Howard.

501. Again. *Against*. N.

510. Teen. *Sorrow*. N.

516. It is said, that there is a monument of Bryan Tunstal, in the N. West of Yorkshire, upon which is his effigy, lying in armour.

517. Stead. *Place*.

524. John Lindsay E. of Crawford. William Graham Earl of Montrose.

528. Mitred prelates. George Hepburn Bishop of the Isles, and another bishop whose name is unknown.

529. William Sinclair E. of Caithness. Da-

vid Kennedy E. of Cassils. John Douglas E. of Morton. William Hay E. of Errol. John Stuart E. of Athol. Patrick Hepburn E. of Bothwell. Cuthbert Cunningham E. of Glencairn. Thomas Frazer master of Lovat. Sir Patrick Houston of Houston. Thomas Stuart Lord Innermeath. John Lord Rofs.

Sir James Rofs, the chief of a Highland clan, was at this battle, as we are told in a fine song called the Buchanshire tragedy, written by a very ingenious young lady, Miss Christian Edwards, daughter of a gentleman in Stirlingshire, author also of several other poetical pieces. Vid. Appendix. No. IV.

John Lord Maxwel. William Lord Borthwick. John Lord Forbes. Robert Lord Erskine. Henry Lord Sinclair. John Lord Sempil. Mr. Cawell, Clerk of the Chancery. Sir Cuthbert Hume, Lord of Fastcastle.

536. Patrick Hepburn E. of Bothwel.

538. Herbert should be *Hepburn*.

541. vers. 4. It should seem by this verse, and by the language of this poem, that it was not written long after the battle of Floddon.

542. Wan. *Gained*. Wist. *Knew*. N.

554. Malcolm Stuart Earl of Lennox.

564. The Scots cast themselves into a ring, who were all slain with the King, except Sir

William Scot, his chancellor, and Sir John Forman his serjeant-porter, who were taken prisoners, and with great difficulty saved. The battle lasted three hours.

566. Fair perhaps should be *Ker*.

572. The next day after the battle, the body of K. James was found. He had received many wounds, most of them mortal. He was wounded in diverse places with arrows, his neck was opened to the middle, and his left hand in two places almost cut off, so that it scarcely hung to his arm. A great number of noblemen lay dead round the King, whose body, though much defaced, was known at the first sight, by some private marks, by Lord Dacres, Sir William Scot, Sir John Forman, and other Scotch prisoners.

574. The Scots had twenty-two large brass cannon, and particularly seven of a very wide bore, all of the same size and make, called the *seven sisters*, which the E. of Surry sent down to Berwick.

575. The King's body was brought to Berwick, and there embowelled, embalmed, and cased, and inclosed in lead, and secretly amongst other things conveyed to Newcastle, thence it was carried to London, and by the General presented to Q. Catharine at Richmond, who with

the gauntlet of K. James, sent the news of the victory unto K. Henry, lying at the siege, before the town of Terwin. From Richmond the body of the K. was brought unto the adjoining monastery of Sheene. *Stow* saith, that at the dissolution of this house, in the time of K. Edward VI. it was thrown into a waste-room, amongst old timber, lead, and stone.

I am much obliged to *Capt. Grose* for a draught of the sword and dagger of K. James, taken from the originals, now in the possession of the corporation of heralds, to whom they were given by the Earl of Surry. The length of the sword with the handle is three feet five inches. The handle is eight inches long. The dagger with the hilt is one foot and eight inches. The hilt is nearly as long as that of the sword. Their breadth is in the same proportion, as it is represented in the *Frontispiece*. There appears to have been an inscription in the middle channel of the sword, which now is not legible.

On Tuesday Sep. 9. 1513. 5 Hen. VIII. in Crookham West-field, belonging to John Askew of Palins-burn, Esq; this battle was ended; in memory whereof, a stone, which now stands there, was erected. Vid. Stanza 558.

K. James was killed in the 25th year of his

reign, and the 39th of his age : He was of a majestic countenance, of a middle size, and a strong body. By the use of exercise, a slender diet, and much watching, he could easily bear the extremities of weather, fatigue, and scarcity. He excelled in fencing, shooting, and riding. He delighted in fine horses, the breed of which he endeavoured to propagate, in his own country, as it appears from several letters still extant, which he wrote to the Kings of Spain and Poland, entreating them, that they would suffer his servants to buy such horses and mares, as their respective dominions afforded. In return, he made them presents of hunting dogs, and of the famous little ambling horses, called Galloways, bred in the mountains, and isles of Scotland. About the year 1508, the Lord of Campvere sent him many large Flanders horses ; and also Henry VII. several fine horses and rich furniture. He was of a quick wit, which by the negligence of those times was uncultivated with letters. He had great skill in the art of curing wounds, which was then common to the Scotch nobles, always in arms. He was of a high spirit, of easy access, courteous and mild. Just in his judicial decisions, merciful in his punishments, which he inflicted upon offenders, always unwillingly. He was poor, from his pro-

fusion in sumptuous buildings, public shows, entertainments and gifts.

As long as he lived, he wore an iron chain-girdle, to which he, every year, added one link, in testimony of his sorrow, for his having appeared at the head of the rebels, who killed his father James III. A. 1488, contrary to his express orders. Bishop Lesly concludes the life written by him of James, with telling us, that the Scotch nation lost in him a King most warlike, just and holy. Certain it is, that he was so dear to his subjects, that his death was more lamented, than that of any of his predecessors ever was. The following epitaph was made upon him.

Fama orbem replet, mortem fors occultit; at tu
 Define scrutari quod tegit ossa solum.
 Si mihi dent animo non impar, fata, sepulcrum,
 Angusta est tumulo terra Britannia meo.

He married *Margaret*, the eldest daughter of Henry VII. by whom he left two sons, the eldest not two years old. About a year after K. James's death, she married *Archibald Douglas Earl of Angus*, by whom she had a beautiful daughter, *Margaret*, born A. 1516 at *Harbottle-castle* in Northumberland, afterwards the wife

of Matthew Stuart E. of Lenox, and by him mother to Henry Lord *Darnley*, father to James I.

Margaret and the E. of Angus could not agree, upon which the marriage was dissolved by a bull from the Pope, a precontract having been proved against him. A. 1528, she married *Francis Stuart*, and had by him a son, created Lord *Metbuen* by James V.

To divert her from her intended marriage with *Stuart*, Hen. VIII. wrote several letters to her, in one of which, he told her, that he thought it was pardonable for men to do some things, which it was quite shameful for women to do. Queen Margaret died A. 1539, aged 51, and was buried at the *Charter-house* at Perth, near the tomb of James I.

The natural children of James were, by *Mary Boyd* daughter of Archibald Boyd of Bonshaw, Alexander Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and Catharine wife of James Earl of Morton. By *Jean Kennedy*, daughter of the Earl of Cassils, James Earl of Murray. By *Margaret*, daughter of John Lord Drummond, Margaret, wife of John, Master of Huntly. By *Isabel*, daughter of James Stuart Earl of Buchan, Jean wife of Malcolm Lord Fleming Great Chamberlain of Scotland. I shall end this account of K. James, with his character, written by *Erasmus*.

Jacobus Rex Scotorum absolutam felicitatem absolutæ laudi adjunxerat, si perpetuo suis se finibus continuisset. Erat ea corporis specie, ut vel procul Regem posses agnoscere. Ingenii vis mira, incredibilis rerum omnium cognitio, invicta animi magnitudo vere regia, pectoris sublimitas, summa comitas, effusissima liberalitas. Denique nulla virtus erat, quæ magnum deceret principem, in qua ille non sic excelleret, ut inimicorum quoque suffragio, laudaretur. Contigerat uxor Margareta, Serenissimi Anglorum Regis Henrici Octavi soror, ea forma, ea prudentia, ea in maritum charitate, ut non aliam e superis optare potuisset. Regnum Scotiæ quod multis, et opibus, et celebritate incolarum, et splendore fertur cedere, sic suis virtutibus illustrarat, sic auxerat, sic ornat, ut veram egregii principis laudem meruerit, si intra hoc gloriæ suæ stadium constitisset. Sed O nunquam felicem regno, raro principi, regis discessum. Dum nimium amico in Gallorum regem animo, quo Britannia Regem magnis rerum minis Gallias impetentem averteret, et ad insulæ suæ defensionem revocaret, egressus regni sui fines, Anglos bello lacescit. Quid multis? Fortiter quidem, sed infelicitè, periit; non tam sibi, quam regno. Periit adhuc, ævo vigens. Diu Scotia tanto principe, diu Margareta tali marito, diu

filius, nam filium ex ea sustulerat, tali patre frui potuisset, atque ipse vicissim, et his omnibus, et sua gloria, nisi sibi vitam invidisset.

Regibus proprius ac pulcherrimus laudum campus intra regni fines est. In apum gente, cæteræ quidem huc, et illuc volatu divagantur, solus Rex, ut aculeo caret, ita, pro portione corporis, alas habet multo minores, ut ad volatum parum sit idoneus. Veteres ita venerem fingeant, ut pedibus testudinem premeret, id innuentes, matrem familias ab ædibus nusquam oportere discedere; quippe cujus omne officium intra domesticos parietes contineatur. Atqui multo magis ad rem pertinebat, principem hoc admoneri symbolo, qui, si quid peccat, non unus familiæ, sed orbis totius malo peccat.



APPENDIX, No. I.

The valuation of the Bishoprick of Durham,
A. 1534.

The scite of the castle of Durham, with the coinage of money,	L.	s.	d.
	8	6	8
Rents, farms, and office of coroner, in Chester-ward,	486	6	5
Rents in Darlington W. and office of cor.	212	15	1
Rents, &c. in Easington,	396	2	4
Ditto, in Stockton,	214	4	5
Ditto, in Sadbergh,	290	12	8
Ditto, &c. in Auckland, Gateshead, Whickham, &c. about	630	0	0
Spirituals,	87	13	4
In Norhamshire, the scite of the castle, &c. of Norham,	120	0	0
Carried over	2446	0	11

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	L.	s.	d.
Brought over	2446	0	11
In Allerton, and Allertonshire, the scite of the mansion, &c.	241	11	3
Spirituals in Allerton and Allertonshire,	18	0	0
In the liberty of Crayke, the scite of the castle, &c. . . .	48	2	0
In Hoveden and Hovedenshire,	284	10	3
The mansion of the Bishop in in London,	18	1	4
Sum total	3056	5	9
Deduct reprises	307	6	3
Clear value	2748	19	6

The Bishop of Durham retained the privilege of coining money in his mint, from the year 1196 in the reign of Richard I. to the year 1540.



APPENDIX, No. I.

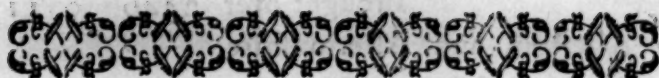
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APPENDIX, No. II.

The manours of Norham and Norhamshire, Allerton and Allertonshire, Sadbergh, Middleham, Easington-ward, Easington-coronater, Cotton Menville, and Gateshead, taken away from the see of Durham A. 1560 by Q. Elizabeth, and excepted out of the restitution of the temporalities, on James Pilkington's being made Bishop. Teste Mar. 25. 1561.

A. 1566, restitution to James Pilkington, Bishop of Durham, of the temporalities of Durham, with all these manours, except Norham and Norhamshire. Teste. Jun. 13. 1566.

A. 1581, Q. Elis. recites, that Richard Barnes Bishop of Durham granted to her the manour of Middleridge, co. Durh. for 80 years; now the Queen grants the said manour, and her interest to Richard Franklin. Teste. Mar. 23. A. regni 24.

A. 1582. The Queen recites, that R. Barnes Bishop of Durham A. regni 23d Jun. 20.

A P P E N D I X. iii

granted her for 79 years, the Lordship and borough of Gateshead: now the Q. grants her interest to Hen. Andrew and Will. Selby, Aldermen of Newcastle, Nov. 12. A. regni 25.

A. 1587. The Queen recites, that R. Barnes Bishop of Durham A. Regni 28. Sep. 29. demised to her the manor and advowson of Crayke, for 80 years. The Queen grants the same to Sir Francis Walsingham. Teste. Mar. 22. A. Regni 30.

The Queen recites, that R. Barnes Bishop of Durham, July 13. A. Regni 27. granted her his manor-house, &c. at Hoveden, Co. of York for 99 years. The Q. grants the premises to John Gates of Holden, Esq; Teste, May 20.

The Queen recites, that Richard Barnes, Bishop of Durham, April A. Regni 20, demised to her his mills in Darlington and Blackwell for 40 years. She grants them to William App. Teste. Jun. 19.

The Q. recites, that Richard Barnes Bishop of Durham, May 31. A. Regni 19. granted her his fisheries in the water of Tweed, and his franchises of Norham and Norhamshire, Co. Northumb. She grants the same to Thomas Leighton, Esq; Test. August 21.

Tobias Matthews, Bishop of Durham demised to K. James I. the castle of Norham, and the

fisheries on the Tweed, and the manor of Northam and Islandshire, which the Dean and chapter confirmed, Ap. 2. 1604. But he had some recompence made to him, by the confirmation of Durham-house in London to his fee, and an abatement of the thousand pounds a-year which had been paid out of the Bishoprick, during the reign of Q. Elizabeth, to the garrison at Berwick.

This Dr. Matthews was an indefatigable preacher. In the eleven years that he was Dean of Durham, he preached 721 sermons. He was Bishop twelve years, and in that time he preached 550 sermons.



APPENDIX, No. III.

DR. BENTLEY'S LETTER.

REV. SIR,

I received your very obliging letter. It would make my long tedious work much more easy and light to me, if all the persons, whose courtesy I am forced to make address to, were as frank and forward as yourself. You will be sensible, that the effect of this labour of mine depends upon authority, not reason and criticism. I could sit still in my study, and with little trouble make Greek and Latin agree, and tally together, with plausible, if not certain, nay, even with certain emendations. How many such, when I collated my first manuscript, have I written in the bottom of the page, as conjectures of the true Latin reading? These, in the progress of more and older manuscripts, I have since found to have been plain, and from the first hand, in the old Saxon exemplars. You know the difference of these two proposi-

fitions. I guefs, I argue, I perfuade, that it was
 once fo written, though all the copies go againft
 it; and I fhew you, that it is yet actually fo, in
 an old manufcript of King Athelstan's, St. Ced-
 das, St. Cuthbert's of the age of 1200 years.
 The one pleafes, and convinces ingenuous men,
 and well-willers to the Scriptures, and the o-
 ther ftops the mouths even of Pagans and Free-
 thinkers. This confideration makes me refolve
 to fpare no labour, nor any charge, to have all
 the books that our own country, and even foreign
 countries, can afford to me. I have advanced
 fifty pounds to an able foreigner, to go to Paris,
 and to collate fome manufcripts of equal, or
 greater antiquity than our own. For I have ne-
 ver yet ufed one old book, if it were but of
 twenty fcattered fheets, that I did not get fome-
 thing particular by it. It is odd and pleafant,
 to fee how the readings lie fcattered through
 the copies. There fhall be three true readings
 againft the prefent Pope's text, within the
 compafs of three verfes, and thefe fhall be fetch-
 ed out of three feveral manufcripts; what hits
 in one failing in the other two. Therefore I
 am encouraged by fuccefs; all that I meet with
 help fomewhat. Give me then number enough,
 and I am fure all will exactly tally. And
 for this reafon, I muft intreat you to fend

me down those other manuscripts, that contain the Acts and the Epistles, though they do not reach to the age desired ; I mean those, which you take to be the best of them, and which are in square, rather than in oblong volumes, *ceteris paribus*. It is but a small addition of carrier's charge, and I am glad to pay it, both hither, and back again. I think, that I told you before, that I am comparatively poor in the Acts and the Epistles, which makes me send for help out of France. I have but two copies that reach 800 years, and these do not always come up to that which I seek for. But what is odd, junior books supply that sometimes, which the ancient ones fail in.

Coloss. ii. 4. *Hoc autem dico ut nemo nos decipiat en pithanologia in sublimitate sermonum*. For so the Popes, so the former editions, so both my old manuscripts read. And yet it is plain, that nobody could so translate it. *Sublimitas sermonum* is *upsilogia*, or *meteorologia*, never *pithanologia*. I soon guessed it to be an error of the Scribes, for *subtilitate sermonum*. For thus the old Glossaries at Paris, printed by Stephens, from a copy of a thousand years of age, *subtilitate pithanologia* ; and in Gloss. Græcolat. *peithanologia, subtilitas verborum*.

But after this, I found in four manuscripts,

of the King's Library, not one of which is above 600 years old, *subtilitate verborum*, from the very first hand. This I also impute to some useful criticks in the Western countries, about 700 years ago, who then collated the present manuscripts of the Bible with the oldest copies then extant, and rectified the innovations: These emendations they published, under the title of *Correctorium Bibliæ*, none of which have been yet printed, but quoted occasionally by Zegerus and Lucas. I shall get transcripts of them from abroad. If you meet with any such in your library, they make but few sheets, I pray that you would communicate them to me. This I say is the reason why a true reading shall be in a manuscript of 600, that is now wanting in those, of now of a thousand years of age. Because these correctors, 700 years ago, had still older books, and the following transcribers, if learned, adjusted their copies, according to their directions. Of your two old books I shall give, as of all the rest, which are a thousand years old, a specimen of the writing in a copper-plate, that posterity may see, what good authorities I follow. I wish that you would look, what comments of Bede, or of the other tractators, Austin, Ambrose, &c. you have, of a competent age; for I shall give you the trouble to examine particular

A P P E N D I X. 117

places therein, when I begin to build; for, at present, I am but digging my stones out of the quarries.

I am glad, that your son put it into my power to oblige you; and I shall more rejoice, if he gives me a farther occasion to show, that I am,

S I R,

Your obliged, humble servant,

RICHARD BENTLEY.

My service and thanks to Mr ‡ Dean.

‡ Dr. Montague Dean of Durham,

APPENDIX, No. IV.

The BUCHANSHIRE TRAGEDY; or,

SIR JAMES the ROSS.

An historical BALLAD.

[*Tune*,—GILL MORICE.]

OF all the Scottish Northern chiefs,
Of high and warlike name,
The bravest was Sir James the Ross,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was as the tufted firr,
That crowns the mountain's brow;
And waving o'er his shoulders broad,
His locks of yellow flew.

The chieftain of that brave clan, Ross,
A firm undaunted band;
Five hundred warriors drew the sword,
Beneath his high command:

In bloody fight thrice has he stood,
 Against the English keen
 Ere two and twenty opening springs
 This blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda, dear he loved,
 A maid of beauty rare;
 Even Margaret on the Scottish throne,
 Was never half so fair.

Lang had he woo'd, lang she refus'd,
 With seeming scorn and pride,
 Yet aft her eyes confess'd the love
 Her fearful words deny'd.

At last, she blest'd his well-try'd faith,
 Allow'd his tender claim;
 She vow'd to him her virgin heart,
 And own'd an equal flame;

Her father, Buchan's cruel Lord,
 Their passion disapprov'd,
 And bid her wed Sir John the Græme,
 And leave the youth she lov'd.

Ae night they met, as they were wont
 Deep in a shady wood;

Where on a bank beside the burn,
A blooming faugh-tree stood.

Concealed among the under-wood,
The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of Sir John the Græme,
To hear what they might say.

When thus the maid began ; My fire
Your passion disapproves ;
And bids me wed Sir John the Græme,
So here must end our loves ;

My father's will must be obey'd,
Nought boots me to withstand,
Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom,
Shall blefs thee with her hand.

Matilda soon shall be forgot,
And from thy mind defac'd,
But may that happiness be thine,
Which I can never taste.

What do I hear ? Is this thy vow,
Sir James the Rofs reply'd :
And will Matilda wed the Græme,
Though sworn to be my bride.

A P P E N D I X. 121

His sword shall sooner pierce my heart,
Than reave me of thy charms,
Then clasp'd her to his beating breast,
Fast lock'd into his arms.

I speak to try thy love, she said,
I'll ne'er wed man but thee ;
My grave shall be my bridal-bed,
Ere Græme my husband be.

Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss,
In witness of my troth,
And every pledge become my lot,
That day I break my oath.

They parted thus, the sun was set,
Up hasty Donald flies,
Come, turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth,
He, loud insulting, cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,
And soon his sword he drew,
For Donald's blade before his breast,
Had pierc'd his tartans through :

This for my brother's slighted love,
His wrongs sit on my arm,

122 A P P E N D I X.

Three paces back the youth retir'd,
And sav'd himself from harm.

Returning swift his hand he rear'd,
From Donald's head above.
And through the brain and crashing bones,
His sharp-edg'd weapon drove.

He stagg'ring reel'd, then tumbled down,
A lump of breathless clay,
So fall my foes, quoth valiant Ros,
And stately strode away.

Through the green wood he quickly hy'd,
Unto Lord Buchan's hall,
And at Matilda's window stood,
And thus began to call :

Art thou asleep, Matilda dear,
Awake, my love, awake,
Thy luckless lover calls on thee,
A long farewell to take,

For I have slain fierce Donald Græme,
His blood is on my sword,
And distant are my faithful men,
That should assist their Lord.

To Sky I'll now direct my way,
Where my brave brothers bide,
And raise the valiant of the Isles,
To combat on my side.

O do not so the maid replies,
With me till morning stay,
For dark and dreary is the night,
And dangerous the way.

All night I'll watch thee in the park,
My faithful page I'll send,
To run and raise the Ross's clan,
Their master to defend.

Beneath a bush he laid him down,
And wrapt him in his plaid,
While trembling for her lover's fate,
At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,
Till in a lonely glen
He met the furious Sir John Græme,
With twenty of his men.

Where goest thou, little page, he said,
So late, who did thee send?

124 A P P E N D I X.

I go to raise the Rofs's clan,
Their master to defend.

For he hath slain fierce Donald Græme,
His blood is on his sword,
And far, far distant are his men
That should assist their Lord.

And has he slain my brother dear ?
The furious Græme replies;
Dishonour blast my name ! but he
By me ere morning dies.

Tell me where is Sir James the Rofs,
I will thee well reward ;
He sleeps into Lord Buchan's park,
Matilda is his guard.

They spurr'd their steeds in furious mood
And scour'd along the lee,
They reach'd Lord Buchan's lofty towers,
By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate,
To whom thus Græme did say,
Saw ye Sir James the Rofs last night,
Or did he pass this way ?

Last day at noon, Matilda said,
Sir James the Rofs pass'd by,
He, furious, prick'd his sweaty steed,
And onward fast did hy;

By this he is at Edinburgh town,
If horse and man hold good.
Your page then lied, who said he was
Now sleeping in the wood.

She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
Brave Rofs thou art betray'd;
And ruin'd by those means, she cried,
From whence I hop'd thine aid.

By this the valiant knight awak'd,
This virgin's cry he heard;
And up he rose and drew his sword,
When the fierce band appear'd.

Your sword last night my brother slew;
His blood yet dims its shine;
And ere the rising of the sun,
Your blood shall reek on mine.

You word it well, the chief return'd,
But deeds approve the man,

126 A P P E N D I X

Set by your men, and hand to hand,
We'll try what valour can :

Oft boasting hides a coward's heart,
My weighty sword you fear,
Which shone in front, in *Floddon-field*,
When you kept in the rear.

With dauntless step he forward strode,
And dar'd him to the fight,
Then Græme gave back and fear'd his arm,
For well he knew its might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sunk down beneath his sword,
But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,
And fought their haughty Lord.

Behind him basely came the Græme,
And wounded him in the side.
Out spouting came the purple gore,
And all his tartans dy'd.

But yet his sword quitted not the gripe,
Nor dropt he to the ground ;
Till through his enemy's heart his steel
Had forc'd a mortal wound.

Græme like a tree with wind o'erthrown,
 Fell breathless on the clay;
 And down beside him sunk the Rofs,
 And fainting, dying lay.

The sad Matilda saw him fall,
 O spare his life, she cry'd,
 Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life,
 Let her not be deny'd.

Her well-known voice the hero heard,
 He rais'd his death-clos'd eyes,
 And fix'd them on the weeping maid,
 And weakly thus replies;

In vain Matilda begs the life,
 By Death's arrest deny'd,
 My race is run.—Adieu, my love,
 Then clos'd his eyes and dy'd.

The sword yet warm from his left side,
 With frantic hand she drew,
 I come, Sir James the Rofs, she cry'd,
 I come to follow you.

She lean'd the hilt against the ground,
 And bared her snowy breast,

128 A P P E N D I X

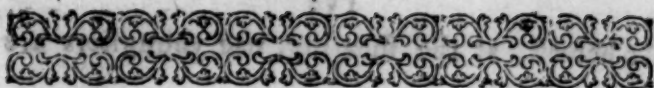
Then fell upon her lover's sword,
And sunk to endless rest.

Then by this fatal Tragedy,

Let parents warning take ;

And ne'er entice their children dear,

Their secret vows to break.



APPENDIX, No. V.

An old Scotch Song on the Battle of *Fleddon*,
Fought A. 1513.

I.

I have heard of a lilting, at our ewes milking,
Lasses a lilting, before the break of day;
But now there's a moaning, on ilka green loaning,
That our braw forresters are a' wede away. 4

II.

At boughts, in the morning, nae blyth lads are
scorning;
The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighing, and sabbing;
Ilka ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away. 8

III.

At e'en at the gloming, nae swankies are roaming,
Mong stacks, with the lasses, at bogle to play;
But ilka ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary,
The Flowers of the Forest that are a' wede
away. 12

IV.

At harrest, at the shearing, nae youngsters are
jeering,

The bansters are runkled, lyart, and grey.

At a fair, or a preaching, nae wooing, nae
fleeching,

Since our braw forresters are a' wede away. 16

V.

O dool for the order, sent our lads to the border:

The English for anes by guile gat the day.

The Flowers of the Forrest, that ay shone the fore-
most,

The prime of our land, lies cauld in the
clay. 20

VI.

We'll hear nae mair lilting, at our ewes milk-
ing,

The women and bairns are dowie, and wae.

Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning,

Since our braw forresters are a' wede a-
way. 24

An Explanation of the Scotch words.

Verse 1. Liltin*g*. *Singing in a brisk lively manner.*

V. 3. Ilka. *Every.*

V. 3. Loanin*g*. *A little common, near country villages, where cows are milked.*

V. 4. Braw. *Brave. Finely apparell*ed*.*

V. 4. A^s wede. *All cut away.*

Shakespear, Rich. III.

A weeder out of his proud adversaries.

V. 5. Bought. *The little fold, where the ewes are inclosed at milking time.*

V. 5. Scorning. *Jeering the lasses about their sweet-hearts. To scorn is often now used in this sense in the N.*

V. 6. Dowie, *melancholy.* Wae, *sorrowful.*

V. 7. Daffin, *waggery.* Gabbin, *prating pertly.* Sabbing, *fobbing.*

V. 8. Ilka ane, *every one.* Leglen, *a milking-pail, with one lug or handle.*

The hasty, silent, and disconsolate departure of the milk-maids, is natural, and affecting.

V. 9. Gloming. *At even, in the twilight, or evening gloom.*

Ver. 9. Swankies. *Young countrymen.* This

132 A P P E N D I X.

is an old English word, derived from the Saxon *Swang*, a country swain.

V. 10. Bogle. *Hobgoblin, spectre. Bogle*
Bo about the stack, is the diversion of young folks
 in a stack-yard.

V. 11. Dreary. *Sad.*

V. 14. Bansters. *Binders up of the sheaves*
of corn.—Runkled, *wrinkled. Lyart, hoary.*
 The binders were now all old men.

V. 15. Fleeching. *Flattering.*

V. 17. Dool. *Grief.*

V. 18. Vid. Stanza 473. et seq.

V. 19. Ay. *Ever; always.*

V. 20. Cauld. *Cold.* There was hardly a
 genteel family in Scotland, but what lost one,
 or more of their nearest relations in this battle.

V. 22. Bairns. *Children.*—The tune to this
 Song, called, *The Flowers of the Forrest*, is a
 pretty, melancholy one.



APPENDIX, No. VI.

THE BATAILE OF BRANXTON, OR FLODDON-FIELD:

Faught in the yeare of our Redeemer 1513, and
in the 5th yeare of the reign of that victo-
rious Prince, King Henry the Eyght.

[Copied from an Edition of "The Mirrour for Magistrates,"
printed in 1587.]

O REX Regum in thy realme celestiall,
Glorified with joies of Gabriel's company,
King James is dead, have mercy on us all,
For thou haste him prostrate so suddenly,
(Which was our noble Prince his enemy)
That us to withstand he had no might:
Sothy helpe, O Lord, preservde King Henry's right.

Into England this Prince prowdly did come,
With fourscore thousand in goodly aray:
And the castle of Norham first he had won,
Prospering victoriously from day to day;
But against him is gone the Earle of Surrey
With him manfully for to fight,
By the help of God, and in his Prince's right.

134 A P P E N D I X.

This noble Earle full wisely hath wrought,
 And with thirty thousande forward is gone;
 After wisdom and policy wondrously hee fought,
 How by the Scottish ordinaunce he might
 well come,
 Thereto helped well Bastard Heron,
 On the Scots he did harme both day and night,
 So thy helpe, O Lord, preservde our Prince's
 right.

Our Herald of Armes to King Jemy did say:
 My Lord of Surrey greetes you well by mee,
 Marvailing greatly of this your array,
 And what you make here in this countrey,
 Peace you have broken and old amity;
 Wherefore if yee abide he will with you fight,
 By the helpe of God, and in his Prince's right.

Abide? (he sayde) els were it great dishonour
 hye,
 That a King crowned an Earle durst not abide:
 Yf Surrey bee so bolde to gieve battayle to mee,
 I shall him tarry on Floddon-hill side;
 Open warre then soon was there cryde,
 And our doughty men were readily dight,
 By the helpe of God, and in theyr Prince's
 right.

A P P E N D I X. 135

S. Cutberd's banner with the Byshop's men bolde,
 In the vauntgard forward fast did hye,
 That Royal Relyke more precious than golde,
 And Sir William Bowmer nere stood it by,
 Adjura Pater, then fast did they cry,
 Pray wee that God will graunt us his might,
 That wee may have the powre to save our
 Prince's right.

The Lord Clifford and the Lord Latimer also,
 With the Lord Coniers of the north countrey,
 And the Lord Scrope of Upsalle, forward did goe,
 With the Lord Howarde Admirall of the see,
 Of noble hearte and courage goode was hee,
 As any went that time agaynst the Scots to fight,
 By the helpe of God, and in theyr Prince's right.

Sir William Percy and Lord Ogle both fame,
 And Sir William Gascoyne their cosyn nere
 was hee,

The Shryve of Yorkshire Sir John Everingham
 And the nobles of Cheshyre in theyr degree,
 The Lord Dacres and Bastard Heyron with
 hearte free,

Which harme the Scots by day and by night,
 By the help of God, and in theyr Prince's
 right.

136 A P P E N D I X.

Sir Edmond Haward of lusty franke courage

Boldly advaunced himselfe eke in that stounde,
To the Scots our enemies he did great hurte and
damage

Which were right greedy him and his blood
to confound,

But their mischievous intent on themselves
did rebound,

And many a deadly stroke on them there did light,
So the helpe of God preservde our Prince's right.

The Baron of Killerton and both Astones were
there,

With Sir John Booth, and many knights moe,
Sir John Gower and Sir Walter Griffin drewenere,
With Sir Thomas Butler and Maister War-
cop also,

Sir Christopher Warde, and Sir William
Midylton both two,

And Sir William Maliver all did manly fight
By the helpe of God, and in theyr Prince's right.

In the mydle warde was the Earle of Surrey,
That noble man, stoute, bolde, and hardy,
The father of wit wee call him may,

The Deputy of England most trusty was he
With him Lord Scrope of Bolton and Sir
George Darcy,

A P P E N D I X. 137

And Sir Richard Maliver with Buck's heades
bright,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr Prince's right.

Sir Philip Tylney was there ready and prest,
In the same warde with all his mighty powre,
And Sir John Willowghby as ready as the best,
With Sir Nicholas Aplyard his helpe, ayde,
and succour.

O what joy was it to see that same howre,
How valiauntly our noblemen with the Scots
did fight,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr Prince's right.

Yong Sir William Gascoyne was there indede,
With Sir Richard Aldburgh and Sir Christo-
fer Danebe,

Sir William Scarkell, and M. Frost's helpe at nede,
With Sir Ralph Ellarkar and M. Thomas Lee,
M. Raphe Beeston, and M. Hopton men
might see,

Full well, perdy, they quite themselves in that
fight,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr Prince's right.

Sir Edward Stanley in the rerewarde was hee,
A noble knight both wise and hardy,

138 A P P E N D I X.

With many a nobleman of the West-Countrey,
 And the whole powre of the Earle of Darby,
 With a right retinue of the Byshop Elye,
 And of Lankeshire men, manly did fight
 By the helpe of God, and in theyr Prince's right.

Soone then the gunnes began a new play,
 And the vaunt-garde together are gone;
 But our gunnes dislevered them out of aray,
 And our bolde bilmen of them flewe many a
 one,
 So that of them scarce returned none,
 Thus were they punished by helpe of God Almighty,
 So thy helpe, O Lord, preservde our Prince's right.

Then they fought embushments, but with small
 chere,
 And in fowle manner brake their aray,
 Yet some of our men by policy fled were,
 That sawe King Jemy on the hill where he lay,
 They flee (hee sayes) folow fast I you pray:
 But by that fit of flying, wee wan the fight,
 So the helpe of God preservde our Prince's right.

To the Earle of Surrey King Jemy is gone
 With as comely a company as ever man did
 see

Full boldly their *big men* against us did come,
 Down the hill, with great mirth and melody:
 And our men marked them to the Trinity,
 Beseeching him there to shew his might,
 In theyr whole defence, and in theyr Prince's
 right.

The Red Lyon, with his owne Father's bloud
 inclynate

Came towards the White Lyon both meeke
 and mylde,

And there, by the hand of God he was prostrate,
 By the helpe of th' Eagle with her swadled
 Chylde,

The Buckesheads also the Scots has beguilde,
 And with theyr gray goose wings doulfully them
 dight,

By the help of God, and in our Prince's right.

The Moone that day did shine full bright,

And the Luce-head that day was full bent,

The Red Cressent did blinde the Scots fight,

And the ship with her ancre many Scots spent,

But (alas) the good White Griffin was felde
 on Floddon-hil,

Yet escape he did, not vanquisht in the fight,

So thy helpe, O Lord, preservde our Prince's
 right.

140 A P P E N D I X.

The Treyfell was true, and that did well appeare,
 And boldly the Great Griffin up the hill is
 gone,
 The antlet did lace them with arrows so neare,
 That buffits the Scots bare, they lacked none,
 The Cinquefoile also was stedfast as the stone,
 And slewe of the Scots like a worthy wight,
 So thy helpe, O Lord, preservde our Prince's
 right.

The yong White Lyon was angry in that stounde,
 And with his merry mariners the myrth him
 made,
 His bells rang lay couched in the grounde,
 Whereof the Scots were right sore affrayde,
 And round about rydeing evermore he sayde,
 Go to my fellowes, all shall be all or night,
 By the helpe of God we save our Prince's right.

The Cornish Choughe did pick them in the face,
 And the crab them blinded that they might
 not see,
 They flew and fell, they had no other grace,
 With theyr new conquerour : but where now
 is hee ?
 Caryed in a cart, to his rebuke and his poste-
 rity,

A P P E N D I X. 141

And his bullies so bonnye are all put to flight,
So thy helpe, O Lord, preservde our Prince's
right.

Of Scots lay slayne full XII thousande,
And XI Earles, the sooth for to say,
XIII Lordes, and three Byshops as I understand,
With two Abbots, which have learnde a new
play,
They should have bene at home for peace to
pray :
Wherefore they were thus wise punished by right,
So thy helpe, O Lorde, preservde our Prince his
right.

Theyr ordinaunce is lost, and their royalty,
We have theyr riches, God have the prayse-
ing,
What ech man would take, he had his liberty.
Wherefore laude and honour to such a King,
From dolefull daunger us so defending :
He has graunted unto us now his might,
And by his only ayde preservde our Prince's
right.

O Rex Regum, Ruler of us all,
As thou for us sufferedst thy passion,

142 A P P E N D I X.

Gieve the Scots grace, by King Jemyes fall,
 For to eschue ever like transgression,
 Preserve the Red Rose, and be his protection.
 Laude, honoure, prayse be unto God Almighty.
 Who thus suppresseth our foes, preserve our
 Prince's right.

O yee noble Lordes, and Knights victorius,
 I you beseech to have me excused,
 Your noble acts no better that I discusse,
 And that my simple saying be not refused,
 Wherein any thing I have me misused,
 I mee submit to your charitable correction:
 And in this manner shall be my conclusion.

FINIS. qd. FRAUNCIS DINCLEY. ,

Red Lion. *The K. of Scots.*

White Lion. *The Earl of Surry.*

Young White Lion. *The Lord Admiral.*

The Moon. *Percy.*

The Red Crescent. *Lord Ogle.*

The Luce. *Sir William Gascoign.*

The Cinquefoil. *Sir George Darcy.*

Eagle and Child. *Sir Edward Stanley.*



APPENDIX, No. VII.

SKELTON, LAUREATE, against the
SCOTTES.

AGAINST the proud Scottes' clattering
That never wyll leave theyr tratlyng,
Wan they the felde, and lost their kynge,
They may wel say, Fye on that winning!

Lo, these fond fottes and tratlyng Scottes,
How they are blind in their own minde,
And will not know their overthrow
At Branxton More, they are so stowre,
So frantike mad. They say they had
And wan the felde, with speare and shield;
That is as trew, as blacke is blew
And grene is gray. Whatever they say,
Jemmy is dead and closed in leade,
That was theyr own kynge. Fye on that winning!

At Floddon-hilles our bowes our bylles
Slewe all the floure of theyr honoure.

144 A P P E N D I X.

Are not these Scottes foles and fottes
 Such bofte to make, to prate and crake;
 To face, to brace, all voyd of grace?
 So proud of heart, so overthwart,
 So out of frame, so voyd of shame,
 As it is enrold, wrytten, and told,
 Within this quaire? Who list to repair
 And therein reed, shall finde, in deed,
 A mad rekening, confidering all thing
 That the Scottes may fin. Fye on the winning!

When the Scotte lyved.

Joly Jemmy, ye scorneful Scotte,
 Is it come unto your lot
 A solempne summer for to be?
 It greeth nought for your degree
 Our kyng of England for to fight
 Your Soveraine Lord, our Prince of might
 Ye for to fend fuch a citacion!
 It shameth al your noughty nacion
 In comparifon, but king Kopping
 Unto our Prince, anointed kyng
 Ye play Hop Lobby of Lowdean
 Ye shew ryght wel, what good ye can,
 Ye may be Lord of Locrian
 Christ fence you with a frying pan

Of Edingborrow, and Saincte Jonis Towne.
 Adieu! Syr Sommer, cast off your crowne.

When the Scotte was slayne.

Continually I shall remember
 The mery moneth of September
 With the eleventh day of the same,
 For than began our mirth and game.
 So that now I have devised
 And in my minde I have comprised,
 Of the proude Scotte, Kyng Jemmy,
 To write some little tragedy,
 For no manner consideration
 Of any sorowful lamentation,
 But for the special consolacion
 Of al our Royal Englysh naciön.
 Melpomene, O Muse tragedial,
 Unto your grace, for grace now I call
 To guyde my pen and my pen to enbibe,
 Illumine me, your poet and your scribe,
 That with mixture of aloes and bitter gall
 I may compounde, confectures for accordial
 To angre the Scottes and Irish kiteringes withal
 That late were discomfekt, with battaile marcial.
 Thalia, my muse, for you also cal I
 To touche them with tauntes of your armory,

146 A P P E N D I X.

A medley to make of mirth with sadnes
The hartes of England to comfort with gladnes.
And now to begyn, I will me adres
To your reherfying, the somme of my proces.

Kynge Jamy, Jemmy, Jocky my jo
Summoned our kyng. Why did ye so?
To you, nothing it did accord
To summon our kynge, your Soveraine Lorde,
A kynge, a summer, it was great wonder,
Know ye not fuger and salt asonder?
Your summer too faucye, too malapert
Your harrold in armes, not yet half expert,
Ye thought ye did yet valiantlye,
Not worth three skippes of a pye,
Syr Skyr Galyard, ye were so skit
Your wil than ran before your wyt.

Your lege ye layd, and your aly
Your franticke fable not worth a fly,
Frenche Kynge, or one or other
Regarded you shold your Lord your brother,
Trowed ye Sir Jemy his nobel Grace
From you Sir Scotte, wold tourne his face
With gup Sir Scotte of Galawey
Now is your bride fall to decay.
Male brid was your fals entent
For to offende your President,

Scotlande. And sent an Ambassadour unto the King into Fraunce, accusing the borderers for breache of the truce betweene them taken. When the King understoode by the Ambassadoure of the King of Scottes pretence : He rewarded the Ambassadour, and so dismissed him.

Nowe the king of Scottes supposed that all the power of Englande was in Fraunce with King *Henry* : knowing also that King *Henry* could not, nor would not breake up his campe to come against him. And thought that nowe he had a plaine gappe opened unto him, to enter into Englande, and there to woorke his will. But by the providence of the Queene, who was left Regent of the realme by the King at his setting forth, and by the valyanties of the Earle of Surrey the Kinges lieftenaunt, he was prevented of his purpose. For when he thought to have entered this realme with all his power, he was mett by the Earle of Surrey at a place called *Brampston*, where betweene them was fought a cruell battayle, not without great effusion of blood on both parties : but in the ende (by God's providence) the victorie fell unto the Englishe men. The King of Scottes himselfe being slain in this felde with xi of his noble men, being all of them Earles, besydes a number of his knyghtes and gentilmen of name, and

152 A P P E N D I X.

his whole power made very weak. This battaile being ended to the renoune of the Queene, the Earle the Kinges lieftenant, and the whole realme : The dead bodye of the King of Scottes was founde among the other carcases in the felde, and from thence brought to *London*, and so through *London* streetes on a horsebacke, ——— and from thence it was carried to *Sheene* (neere unto *Brainford*) whereas the Queene then laye. And theare this periured carcas lyeth unto this daye unburied. A condigne ende, and a meete sepulker for such a forsworn prince. This shameful ende of the Scottish king, kindled the fyre of malyce in the breastes of the Scottes, the flame whereof (in the ende) consumed also their yong king that then was lefte unto them, as followinge you may reade. But first I have taken upon mee to introduce King James unto thee, in forme of the Mirror for Magestrates, to vtter his complaynt and tell his owne tale as followeth.

Your Sovereigne Lord most reverente,
 Your Lord, your brother, and your regent.
 In him is figured Melchisedecke,
 And ye were disloyal Amalecke.
 He is our noble Scipione,
 Annoynted kynge, and ye were none.
 Thoughe ye untrulye your father have slayne
 His tyle is true, in Fraunce to raygne.
 And ye proude Scot, Dundee, Dunbar
 Pardy ye were his homager
 And suter to his parliament
 For your untruthe, nowe are ye shent
 Ye bare yourself somewhat to bold,
 Therefore ye lost your copy-hold
 Ye were bonde tenant to his estate
 Lost is your game, ye are checke mate.

Unto the castell of Norram
 I understande too sone ye came,
 At Braxton-more and Flodden-hilles,
 Our English bowes our English bylles
 Against you gave so sharpe a shower,
 That of Scotland ye lost the flower.
 The White Lyon, there rampante of moode
 He raged and rente out your harte bloude,
 He the White, and you the Red;
 The White there slew the Red starke ded.

148 A P P E N D I X.

Thus for your Guerdon quyt are ye,
 Thanked be God in Trinite,
 And swete Saincte George, our Ladyes knyght,
 Your eye is oute, adewe, good nyghte.

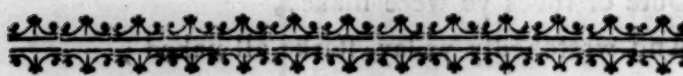
Ye were starke mad to make a fray,
 His Grace beyng out of the way,
 But by the power and might of God
 For your tayle ye made a rod.
 Ye wanted wit, Sir, at a worde,
 Ye lost your spurs, ye lost your sworde,
 Ye might have busked you to Huntley bankes,
 Your pryde was pevysh to play such pranks;
 Your povertie could not attayne
 With our kyng royal, war to maintaine.

Of the kyng of Naverne ye myght take heed,
 Ungraciously howe he doth speede,
 An double dealyng, so he did dreame
 That he is kynge without a keame;
 And for example, he would none take,
 Experiens hath brought you in such a brake
 Your wealthe, your joye, your sport, your play,
 Your braggyng boist, your royal aray,
 Your beard so brym, as bore at baye,
 Your seven sisters, that gun so gaye
 All have ye lost, and caste awaye.
 Thus Fortune hath turned you, I dare well saye
 Now from a Kyng to a clot of clay,

Oute of robes ye were shaked,
 And wretchedly ye lay, starke all naked ;
 For lacke of grace, harde was your hap,
 The Popes cures gave you that clap.

Of the out yles, the rough-foted Scottes
 We have well eased them, of the bottes,
 The rude rancke Scottes, lyke droncken dranes
 At Englysh bowes have fetched their banes;
 It is not sitting in tower or towne
 A summer to were a kynge's crowne.
 Fortune on you therefore did frowne,
 Ye were to hye, ye are cast downe.
 Syr Summer, now, where is your crowne ?
 Cast of your crowne, cast up your crowne,
 Syr Summer, now, ye have lost your crowne.

Quod SKELTON, Laureate, oratour to the
 Kynges most royal estate.



APPENDIX, No. VIII.

The following Extract is taken from a Book, intituled, *The Flower of Fame*, written by *Ulpian Fulwell*, and dedicated to *Sir William Cecil Baron of Burghleygh*, &c. It is printed in quarto, in the old black letter, at London, A. 1575.

He is quoted by *Speed*, Edw. VI. Sect. 61. Hence *Wood*, who had never seen this book, concludes that *Fulwell* had printed some other tracts, besides those which he mentions in his *Athen. Oxon.* v. 1. No. 266.

Between the fourth and fifth stanzas, there is, in the original, a wooden cut, representing *Death*, running to seize a crown upon the head of a king.

A. D. 1513.

WHILE the King was in *Fraunce*, King *James* of *Scotlande* (notwithstanding his league and solempne vowe before mencioned) made an
 upon the borderers adjoyning unto

*The lamentable Complaint of King James of Scotlande, who was slayne at Scottish fieldes.
Anno 1513.*

I.

AMONG the rest, whom rewful fate hath rest,
Whose shrouding sheetes hath wrapt their
woful lyves,
Why have not I a place among them left,
Whose fall eche tong with dayly talk reuyues?
Such is the wheele that froward *Fortune* dryues,
To-day a king of puissance and might,
And in one howre a wofull wretched wight.

II.

A happie life by happie end is tride,
A wretched race by woful ende is known:
Though pleasant wind the ship do rightly guyd,
At last by rage of stormes tis overthrowne.
The greatest oke by tempest is fyrst blowne.
Though fortune seeme a lost to hoyse thy sayle,
Yet fortune ofte tymes smyles to small auaille.

III.

I thought my bower buylt on happie soyle,
Which under propped was with tickle staye:
Wherefore on sodayne chaunce I tooke the soyle
In hope for to haue had a noble praye.
In search whereof I reapt my fatall daye,

154 A P P E N D I X.

With shamefull death my fame was forc'te to bow
A gwerdon meete for breach of sacred vow.

IV.

A prince his promise ought not to be broke,
Much more his othe of ryght obserued should
be :

But greedy gayne doth ofte the mynde provoke,
To breake both othe and vowe, as seemes by
mee.

Ambition blearde myne eyes I coulde not see.
I find, though man with man his faith forgoe,
Yet man with God may not do so.

V.

I was a king, my power was not small,
I ware the crowne to wield the Scottish land :
I raignde and rewld, the greater was my fall,
The myght of God, no kingdome can withstand,
An Earle wan of mee the upper hande.
With blodie sworde my lucklesse lyfe to ende,
By shamefull death without tyme to amende.

VI.

Such was the force of *Atrops* cruell spight,
Unlooked for to cut my fatal lyne :
My wretched carcas then was brought in fight
Through *London* streets, whereat the Scots repine
The endlesse shame of this mishap is myne.
Like butchers ware, on horsebacke was I brought,
The King of kinges for me this end hath wrought.

VII.

Let Princes all by me example take,
 What daunger 'tis to dally in such cace:
 By periurie their faythes for to forsake,
 Least seate of shame shall be their endles place,
 Foule infamie shall their renoune deface:
 Of falsed faith such is deserved hyre,
 And he must falle that will too hyghe aspyre.

VIII.

Ye noble peeres whose lyues with myne did end,
 Send forth from graues your grievely ghosts ech
 one
 To wayle the chaunce that *Fortune* vs did sende.
 Let all the Scots powre out their plaints and
 mone
 That we to hedles haste were apt and prone.
 Which rash beginning voyde of Godly awe,
 Had lyke successe for breach of sacred lawe.

IX.

I thought that *Englande* had beene far too weake,
 For my strong power when *Henry* was away:
 Which made mee light regarde my vow to breake,
 But yet I founde they were left in good stay,
 With force and strength to purchase my decay.
 Thus my aspiring minde had guerdon due,
 Which may a mirror bee for men to vewe.

X.

Whereby to shun the breache of sacred vow,
 And not to seeke by lawless means to rayne:

156 A P P E N D I X.

For right will force usurped rule to bow,
And reap repulst in steade of noble gaine;
Thus truthe in tyme doth turne her foe to
paine.
And GOD himselfe doth shield the rightful
cause,
Then let men learn to lyue within his lawes.

The three above Copies, from the *Mirroure of
Magistrates, Skelton, and Fulwell*, I received
from three ingenious Gentlemen of New-
castle.



F I N I S.

ERRATUM

In the **NOTES**, page 81. line 13. in some few of the Copies *laish* is erroneously printed instead of *laitl*.

Sold by E. & C. DILLY in the *Boultrey*, Lon-
don, and R. TAYLOR, *Herwich*.

1. The history of CHESS, with easy instruc-
tions how to play at it, by Ro. Lambe, Vicar
of Norham upon Tweed.

2. The CHINESE TRAVELLER: Being an
historical, geographical, political, and commer-
cial account of *China*, with curious Cuts, 2 vols.

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RIES, for the Improvement of the Youth of
both Sexes. Selected from the most esteemed
Authors.

4. Wife's Newest YOUNG MAN'S COMPAN-
ION: with a Map of the World, a Map of
England, an English Spelling Dictionary, &c. &c.

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